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Sopanam-Kerala's Divine Music With Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda - The Love Song

Geeta Radhakrishna

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Inside Front Cover	:	Miniature Painting - Radha, Krishna & Sakhi
Back Cover	:	The Author - Geeta Radhakrishna
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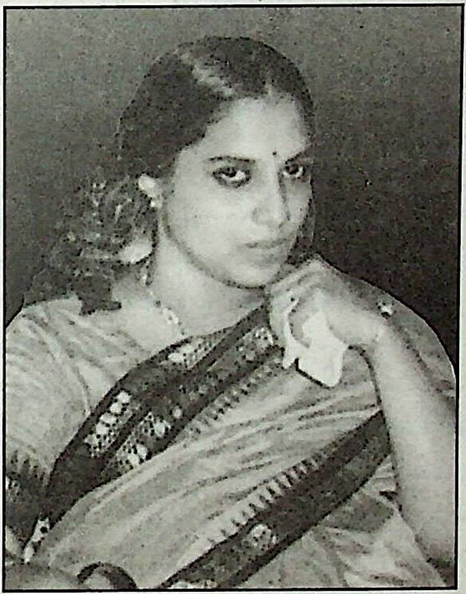
I dedicate this book to my beautiful and charming mother



Savithri Nair
1926 -2002

For whom the word 'Geeta' remained a sacred chant till the last breath of her life,
Who bore silently the loss of her darling husband,
Capt. C.S. Nair, for a period of 13 months after his transition,
Who loved her children Vrinda, Jayadev, Vijay and Rama very dearly,
Who bravely fought her aches and ailments with tremendous courage and fortitude,
And who profusely enjoyed music, specially Jayadeva's "Ashtapadi" to her hearts delight.

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with
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FOREWORD

In the present age of technology and globalisation, one often speaks of fusion of cultures, cultural pluralism, melting pot of cultures etc., to suggest the human aspiration for living together without much clash of cultures in the world of plurality and diversity. India itself is a world full of varieties: geographical, linguistic, cultural, religious and otherwise. Yet there had been much of cultural interaction throughout the centuries. These cultural interactions within India itself need to be studied and understood, if we wish to appreciate our cultural heritage in all its width and depth. Geeta Radhakrishna´s present book "Sopanam-Kerala´s divine music with Jayadeva´s Geeta Govinda", I consider as one such attempt. The very title of the work itself suggests to us a bond of love and understanding between North and South of India, a loving encounter between Sopanam music and a lyrical poem Geeta Govinda, a literary product in Sanskrit by Jayadeva.

We are mostly aware of only two major styles of Indian music - Hindustani and Karnatak. Forms of music like Dhrupad and Sopanam are less known. Sopanam is a melodious music originated from the tiny kavus of Kerala. Geeta Radhakrishna informs us of Sopanam music in brief, in chapter one and two of her book. I would like to stress on one or two aspects of the Sopanam music in view of Geeta Govinda . Sopanam is a divine music, temple music sung before a deity by a special devotee, who is also part and parcel of the temple. The word Sopanam itself means music sung at the footsteps leading to the innermost chamber or sanctum sanctorum of the temple, called Sri kovil. It thus symbolises the gradual ascent and the spiritual evolution or transformation of the soul longing for the loving union with God. With this slow and gradual process of transformation, in other words, with the symbolism of steps (staircase = Sopanam) suggesting the spiritual growth or ascent,Sopanam music becomes very suitable for the musical rendering of Geeta

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Govinda, the divine song of Jayadeva. Geeta Govinda depicts the longing, the agony and the pangs of love in its various moods. We see in Geeta Govinda, too, a gradual spiritual development. A shift from separation to love in union. The human body with all its emotions and sensuousness acquires importance in the poem. Human body itself is the temple of God. Thus to render in songs the longings of this body for the divine, the temple music Sopanam is most worthy. And probably, that is why it was sung in Sopanam style.

Originally, Sopanam music was associated with Siva temples and Devi temples. But it came to be associated with Vishnu and Krishna temples in the wake of Vaishnavism in Kerala, when songs of Geeta Govinda or Ashtapadi became part of the rituals. Thus, we see cultural interaction and assimilation happening.

The lyrical work Geeta Govinda is a medieval text belonging to 12th century, which became very popular in the following centuries and till date gaining a pan Indian resonance. Jayadeva the author of Geeta Govinda is known as a poet-saint in Indian tradition. This name is the poet's signature in Geeta Govinda and also it becomes an epithet of Krishna in the second song (jaya jayadeva hare). It is still being debated as to whether he belonged to Bengal or Orissa. Yet many consider Bengal to be his homeland.

The poem Geeta Govinda is, as we all know, dedicated to God Krishna. It is a celebration of Krishna's love for Radha and also Radha's love for Krishna, set in the context of spring. Love in all its moods of longing, pain, anguish and pleasure are presented, specially evoking rasas of vipralambhasringara (love in separation) and sambhogasringara (love in union). Through the setting i.e. the environment of springtime, nature too is made part of this intense, passionate drama of human and divine love, of the cosmic play of love. To experience the erotic mood in the two above mentioned moods, is traditionally

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considered to be the height of aesthetic joy. Radha and Krishna are vehicles (vibhava) for the universalisation of erotic emotion. Jayadeva here mingles the aesthetic experience (here the erotic) and the religious mysticism. This erotic play is not meant for itself. It has to be seen in the context of the Bhakti cult. He integrates also elements of older folk religious traditions like Tantra.

In twelve parts, the poet sings the love-relationship between Krishna and Radha – whereby the separation and the reunion towards the end form the central theme.

The spread of Geeta Govinda into different parts of India and Nepal and its unique impact on the literary and artistic traditions of India are worth researching. Through the spread of Bhakti movement, Geeta Govinda found its way into various regional languages and art forms. Geeta Govinda could be thus understood from different levels of consciousness through word, art, music and dance. The various translations, adaptations and imitations of Geeta Govinda are evidences of its vast popularity in the Indian context through centuries. It enriched immensely the cultural life and religious spirituality of India. It may be worthwhile to study the intercultural aspects of the various forms of reception and its impact on the regional literatures and cultures in India.

The post Jayadeva reception of Geeta Govinda, i.e. from 14th to 17th.or 18th centuries, shows three main developments in the theological interpretations and corresponding cults. In South, Geeta Govinda attracted all levels of society and a particular religious tradition known as Radha-Kalyanam gave importance to Radha. Thus, Radha of the literary tradition became divinised. Another Geeta Govinda reception in Assam focused, on the contrary, on Krishna cult. In the 17th and 18th centuries Geeta Govinda became part of the rituals in the Guruvayur Temple in Kerala. Here too, Krishna cult dominated to the exclusion of Radha. A third form of cult developed in Vrindavan,

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where the "yugala" or jugalarupa is created, i.e where Krishna and Radha are inseparably united.

The influence of Geeta Govinda was not limited only to India. In the years of the encounter between India and Europe or the West, we see that Geeta Govinda fascinated scholars, poets and mystics. The British Indologist William Jones was the first to carry Geeta Govinda across the oceans. His English translation (Calcutta 1792, reprinted in London 1799) became the source for the continental European reception. The German poet Wolfgang von Goethe was impressed by Geeta Govinda, which he read in the German translation, by F.H. van Dalberg (1802). The German romantic poet Friedrich Rueckert (1829) undertook a poetic translation in verse form. A Sanskrit edition combined with a Latin translation was published by Ch. Lassen at Bonn, Germany (1836) which evoked the interest of German Indologists. Since then, many other translations into other European languages and several critical editions of the Sanskrit text of Geeta Govinda followed, which spread the fame of this unique lyrical poem of human and divine love in the world. An example of indological research on Geeta Govinda is the English translation and critical study of it by the American Indologist Barbara Stoler Miller (1977).

The present English translation of Geeta Govinda, rendered by Geeta Radhakrishna, enables us to relish its Ashtapadi version in the light of the Sopanam music style. I consider this as a very valuable contribution in preserving the precious heritage of Jayadeva, presented to Kerala.

Geeta Radhakrishna herself is a gifted Dancer of Mohiniattam, a dance form celebrating erotic love or sringararasa, and she has been successful in sublimating sringara into bhaktirasa . Thus, she is the most competent person to evoke the spirit of Geeta Govinda, through her translation, which effectively recreates the lyrical and poetic beauty of it. Geeta could dive into the depth of Geeta Govinda, where sringara becomes

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transparent for bhakti. Geeta places this widely wandered (from south to north and east to west of India) enchanting song of love at Krishna's feet for his abundant blessings. May the listening (reading) of this song of human and divine love lead us "home" from the bewildering dark nights of our times.

Prof. Dr. Annakutty V.K. Findeis
University of Mumbai
Mumbai
21st August 2002

Prof. Dr. Annakutty V.K. Findeis is the Head of the Department of German at the University of Mumbai. She is an M.A. in Philosophy from the Centre of Advanced Studies, Banaras Hindu University. And an M.A. & Ph.D. in German Literature from the University of Salzburg. Since 1995, She is elected as the member of excecutive committee of the International Assọciation of German Scholars, representing India.

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Preface

I have not completed any of my writing, as fast, as I have done, for the translation of Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda. The whole translation of Geeta Govinda, from the first Ashtapadi to the twenty-fourth Ashtapadi, took me exactly two months. And I am publishing the book a month later. So the whole process of a book has taken me three months. I attribute this, purely, to the blessings of my mother. My father too loved music, but he was a quiet listener. My mother, on the contrary, loved singing and always sang loudly, even while she cooked for the family. The last one year of her life, she sang less, because of her of ill health, but listened to a lot of music, specially, Jayadeva's Ashtapadi with great joy. The music made her forget all her aches and pains. Music healed her. Though the doctor had given her only two months to live, she survived for more than two years.

My earlier books took a long time for completion, and, I often doubted, whether they would see daylight. "Mohiniattam Adavus" my first book, got published fifteen years after its conception, while my second book, "Mohiniattam -the dance of the enchantress" was published six years later. This is my third book and I am, indeed, happy that it has come out rather quickly. The only sad part is that my parents are no more bodily present to see it or read it. But I am sure, from somewhere above, their spirits will keep a close watch on me and guide me in my work. And in subtle and miraculous ways, lead me through to a path of higher knowledge. A.L.Basham in his "The wonder that was India" writes about spirits and quotes a passage from the Upanishads. Here, the spirit is described as a God rather than as a cosmic essence.

"He encircles all things, radiant and bodyless,
unharmed and untouched by evil,
All- seeing, all- wise, all-present, self existent,
He has made all things well for ever and ever."

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In Kerala, the people are very romantic, and enjoy love songs and love poetry. They worship Kamadeva or Cupid. There are several Malayalam songs in praise of Kamadeva, eulogising love plays of Kama, which are sung and danced during festivals by ladies standing in circles. Malayalam is a highly evolved language, wherein, most of the words are Sanskrit itself. Sanskrit flourished in Kerala and there was a period in Kerala, when a mixture of Sanskrit and Malayalam was spoken and expressed through poems and songs, called Manipravalam. When Jayadeva's Ashtapadi made its entry into Kerala, it was welcomed with open arms. People loved the language and the lyrics of the poetry, and when the same was sung with a tune, it made a tremendous impact. To such an extent, that every household in Kerala who had the eagerness to learn and acquire knowledge,had Ashtapadi at the tips of their fingers. I have heard my grandmother and mother singing it, so fluently and also, many Malayalee ladies of the last generation. I once questioned a group of ladies who were singing the Ashtapadis, whether they knew the meaning of the verses and whether they realised, how erotic it was. "Of course!" they said, " we are well aware of what we are singing. We love Krishna and Radha. Their love is pure and selfless. In fact, we are in love with love itself." I thought, that was a wonderful answer. Ashtapadis are sung with such devotion that the passionate love transcends itself to a level of spiritual love.

I am not a Sanskrit scholar. In the school where I studied, while I lived in Kerala, I had Sanskrit as a subject, and I remember studying the verses of Bhartrihari and Bhagavad Geeta. I loved reciting them. But beyond that I have not studied Sanskrit to attain a degree. Academically, though I pursued other studies, Sanskrit remained my first love, among the Indian languages. And whole of my life, I have been working with Sanskrit texts, be it for my work as a danseuse or as a singer or for that matter purely to gain knowledge of the rich Indian heritage as left behind for us, by the ancient seers and poets.

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Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda, either in the form of verses or songs, I have been hearing, right from my childhood. When Ashtapadi is sung, in the inner sanctum of the temple along with the beats of Eddakka, specially, in the atmosphere of poignant silence, awaiting the door of the deity to open for the vision of the benevolent Lord, a deep sense of awe and reverence is experienced. As a child, except for this terrific feeling of wonder, the rhythm of the music and the rhyme of the verses, I never understood the meaning. But slowly, as I grew up, I began to grasp the meaning too. When I began to choreograph Ashtapadi in Mohiniattam style, then of course, I made a thorough study of the text of Geeta Govinda.

My source of Ashtapadis are from Malayalam books, as published by various publishers in Kerala with both script and explanations in Malayalam language. In certain verses of the translation, a typical Malayalee interpretation could be ascertained. The smell of the soil is sure to reach out to the readers. Nevertheless, it is Jayadeva and Jayadeva's lyrical and melodious words of unsurpassed beauty, which has been my prime focus. A translation always has its limitations and can never compete with the original. However, I have tried my best, to bring out the appropriate meaning without losing out on the poetic essence as expressed in Sanskrit. At the same time, not tampering with English language but keeping in view the beauty and aesthetics of both languages.

Do enjoy the beauty of these lovely verses, as I do, when I sing them in Sopanam style.

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Sopana Sangeetam

Kerala is today termed as God's own country for its breathtaking beauty of land, the countless green palms, waving their heads in gentle breeze. But, along the margins of the rippling backwaters, that marks the coastal country and hidden behind the thick luscious greenery, have you heard of a melodious music, emerging from the little kavus or shrines of Kerala? Yes, that is Sopanam -the divine music of Kerala. If Kerala is God's own country, then Sopanam is God's own music.

Most people in India would have heard of the two major styles of classical music -the Hindustani and the Carnatic style -the two strong fountainheads of music. Well, where does Sopanam fit in? Is it classical like the Carnatic and Hindustani music? Yes, it is classical, in the sense, it has classical ragas and talas, yet, not strictly classical because it does not fully adhere to the rigidity and norms, as laid down by the classical music systems. Then the question posed here is, how is it different from these two major styles and what are its special features?

Sopanam is an exclusive music tradition that evolved in Kerala. Sopanam means music sung at the footsteps leading to the innermost chamber of the temple which is called Srikovil or Sanctum sanctorum of the temple. It is sung with great devotion in praise of the deity. Hence, Sopanam is essentially Bhakti Sangeetam and would fall under the category of devotional music, which is semi-classical as well.

The person who sings Sopanam is an ambalavasi, one who is a part and parcel of the temple. He regularly renders his services to the temple besides being adept and well trained in the art of music and rhythmic beats. While singing, the Sopanam singer holds a heavy metallic instrument called chengala on which he beats with a stick, providing time measure to the music. Adding flavour to the music is another percussion instrument called Edakka, which accompanies the music. Edakka's rhythmic

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beats merge with the mellifluous strains of Sopanam giving the whole music an exotic vibration.

The Sopanam recital in the temple begins with a Thiyyani. Thiyyani is a prelude to the main songs that follow. Very often Thiyyani is in praise of Ganapathi- the destroyer of vignas or hurdles and the remover of all obstacles. Thiyyani is also sung in praise of the main deity of the temple, like Thiyyani in praise of Bhagavathi or any other Gods. In short Thiyyani is an invocation.

One cannot exactly point out the year when Sopanam started in Kerala. In Malabar temples, music and dance has been associated with the Shiva temples of Kerala. So music did exist. There are songs in praise of Shiva in very simple Malayalam language. Since Bhagavathi worship is widely prevalent in Kerala, there are several old Malayalam songs in praise of Bhagavathi as well. Though Sopanam was existent in old Shiva and Devi temples from time immemorial, the word Sopanam took a definite shape and came into prominence, when Ashtapadi made its entry into Kerala. This was the time when Vaishnavism came into dominance in Kerala, and most of the Vishnu and Krishna temples included the songs of Ashtapadi in their rituals.

Ashtapadi is another name for Geeta Govinda. The Keralites were so attracted to Ashtapadis or Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda, that singing Ashtapadi became a part of the ritual, to such an extent that Sopanam and Ashtapadi came to be associated or became synonymous with each other.

Though the practice of singing Ashtapadis was started centuries ago, it came to stay as a part and parcel of the land. It is sung with great devotion in the temples and as a part of the rituals. At the famous Guruvayur temple in Kerala, it is sung four times a day, during Usha puja at dawn, Uccha puja-mid-day, Sandhya puja at dusk and Athazha puja at night. The ragaas

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to be sung with the Ashtapadis are selected according to the mood and time of the day. For instance, Bhupalam is sung in the mornings, while Bhairavi is rendered during mid-day, while Sahana and Nilambari are sung at night.

Sopanam has remained in the innermost chambers of Kerala. It was meant to be so. Sopanam is pure Bhakti. Bhakti is an Indian word, which cannot be entirely translated into English. We could roughly translate Bhakti as devotion. But Bhakti is something much, much more. It is pure and selfless love for God. Bhakti, is again an individual state of mind. It has to come from deep within. And it cannot happen within a few days time.

The temple worshippers of Kerala from time immemorial have gained peace and happiness from this music. It has healing qualities. Should it come out of the temples and be performed in stages and concert halls as well? Well, why not? As long as the mood and essential qualities of the Sopanam music remains, where a similar atmosphere and pedestal is given, it should be sung outside temples as well. In time, Sopanam will definitely emerge, as one of the most divine music systems of the future. I would like to call Sopanam as the music for the souls.

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Characteristic features of the Sopanam style

Sopanam is a unique style of singing. It does not possess the rigidity of a pure classical medium nor does it linger into the playfulness of a folk music. It is the music to please the Gods. How does one please the Gods? By singing from the bottom of the heart. The essential point here is, not on how perfect the musical notes are, but on how perfect the devotion is, towards the God. In other words, it stresses more on the emotional content, rather than on the academic quality. The music should touch one's heart. Only then, can it reach out to the Gods and Goddesses. The warmth of love and devotion should be experienced within, before reaching out to the Almighty. Then, it turns into divine or soulful music.

Sopanam is sung in slow tempo. It is unhurried, smooth flow of music with a soothing quality. The music begins with a Sloka and is sung in the pattern of an Alaap. The rendering is continued in a slow pattern with tala or rhythmic beats. Sometime, the music gathers speed and is concluded in a fast tempo. The fast tempo is called eratti or double speed. It is also appropriate, to gradually slow down again and end in a similar note like how it started. So, the musical pattern is slow, gradual and in a straight line, like the Saptaswara, ascending upwards and them descending down too, without any curves or deviations.

As described earlier, the meaning of Sopanam means a staircase or steps in gradation to the sanctum sanctorum of the temple. Hence, is highly religious. A person who sings Sopanam should sing with great piety.

Sopana Sangeetam is simple because it stresses purely on the jeeva swara of a raga. Jeeva means life and swara means musical notes. Jeeva swara, therefore, means the most essential

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notes of a raga. The full quality of the raga is brought out without deviating from its main swaras. There are hardly any sangatis or variations. By concentrating on the jeeva of the ragas, the flavour or the rasa is brought out to the fullest extent. There is so much of bhava and rasa- expression and emotion respectively, rendered in this music that one feels that the music comes out not merely from the throat but from the heart itself.

Another important feature of Sopanam is the emphasis given to sahitya. Sahitya is the poetic content, lyrics or the literature. When Ashtapadi is sung, the beauty of Jayadeva's verses spells magic. The meaning of the lyrics is of equal value as that of the melody. So Sopanam is a combination of language, literature and poetry, which gives rise to the visual arts like dance, music, and painting.

Sopanam songs, especially Ashtapadi is sung to the accompaniment of Edakka beats. Edakka is an hour- glass shaped percussion instrument, specially used in the temples of Kerala. It is made out of an animal membrane and played with a single stick. It is small and delicate, unlike the other percussion instruments of Kerala like Chenda and Maddalam, and is hung on the left shoulder of the Edakka player, and played with the right hand holding the stick. The instrument is assembled together before the play and dismantled after the play. Hanging below the Edakka, are coloured threads and decorative balls, to make it look glamorous and pretty.

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Jayadeva

The unsurpassed poetic genius of Jayadeva has held a great lure for the Krishna Bhaktas for a long, long time. The amorous dalliance of the eternal lover with the maidens of Vindavana, are given a glorious visual interpretation." Geeta Govinda " is a lyrical poem of Jayadeva , in simple, yet beautiful Sanskrit language.

Jayadeva Goswami, lived in the eastern part of India during the 12th -13th century. His birthplace has been much discussed and debated. Some scholars say he was born in Kenduli or Kendubilva in Bengal and others say he belonged to Bindubilva in Orissa.
Wherever he belonged, his work gained popularity throughout India.

Jayadeva was born to Bhoja Deva and Radha Devi , but became an orphan during his childhood itself. He found peace and happiness in chanting the name of Krishna. He wandered far and wide, singing the glories of the Lord. When Jayadeva reached Puri in Orissa, he met a Brahmin named Sudeva. Sudeva perceived in Jayadeva, simplicity as well as extra-ordinary genius. The Brahmin offered his daughter Padmavathy in marriage to Jayadeva. Jayadeva accepted the proposal and married Padmavathy.

Jayadeva and Padmavathy were so well matched, both in their thoughts and deeds, that they made an excellent couple. They never possessed any material wealth, yet they lived a life of extreme bliss. They sang and danced together, so much immersed in their devotion for Radha and Krishna- the eternal lovers. The couple had no desire to acquire worldly wealth or built a mansion for themselves or for that matter, indulge in material pleasures. They found greatest satisfaction in singing and dancing and were content with what they received as honorarium for their artistic endeavours. The secret of their

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happiness was contentment." Santoshadanu Uttama Sukhalabham" says Sage Patanjali, which means, a person who is content with what he possesses, will always remain happy. So, was the case of Jayadeva and Padmavathy. They were a couple, indeed, made for each other and content with each other.

Jayadeva composed Geeta Govinda while he was in and around the temple of Jagannatha in Puri, Orissa. As he composed Geeta Govinda, he rendered the songs at the temple premises, while his wife Padmavathy danced to the songs. In many of the stanzas of Geeta Govinda, Jayadeva refers to his wife. It was obvious that he was proud of his wife's talents and even mentions about her being a beautiful danseuse. In the very first verses of the poem, Jayadeva says, "Padmavathy charana chaarana chakravarthy." He was enchanted by her rhythmic dance accompanying his music. She was the beloved empress of his heart. The famous Malayalam poet Changampuzha addresses Padmavathy as Jayadeva's "Nijapranadheeswari." "For Jayadeva, his wife was dearer than his own life."

When Jayadeva and Padmavathy sang and danced together with such depth of feeling and devotion, the people who watched them were astounded. It is said that people travelled from far and came to Jagannath temple to watch them sing and dance. Such was their popularity. Their utter devotion to their God-Krishna was intense and they were bathed in its glory. When Jayadeva sang his lyrics and Padmavathy danced to his songs, it was like two souls uniting themselves to form a single soul, one merging with the other so jubilantly. They spent a lot of time in Vrindavana and Mathura, where Krishna lived his life,singing and dancing in temples, gardens and courts.

Though Vaishnavism already existed in India, before the time of Jayadeva, there is no doubt about the fact, that the passionate composition of Geeta Govinda, excersised a great influence on the Krishna Bhaktas, due to which a dynamic trend in Vaishnavism emerged not only in Bengal but all over India. It

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is historically proved, that Jayadeva was the court poet of Sena King Lakshmanasena , who reigned during (A.D.1185-1206). Since Jayadeva himself mentions his colleagues like Govardhana, Umapati and Dhoi and their contributions in literature, grammar and poetry, in his prologue, we get a glimpse of the amicable and friendly situation prevailing during that period. However, apart from Geeta Govinda, we have no other compositions of Jayadeva available to us, today. But Geeta Govinda gained such popularity during his time itself that people gathered in great numbers, as mentioned earlier, to watch and enjoy the couple dance. His poetry captured the hearts of the people with the imagery of Radha and Krishna, the fascinating beauty of the nature, and above all, the sensitive tryst of love. Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda became even more popular after his death. His fame spread like a wild fire all over India. To such an extent that his songs came to be sung in most Vaishnavite temples, as a ritual or a part of the temple festivities.

Thanks to the wandering streak of this devoted couple, for they travelled to the south of India as well. They reached the shores of Kerala's backwaters lined with innumerable Palm trees. The Keralaputhras were thrilled to hear the wonderful songs of Jayadeva. The Keralites were so attracted to these love lyrics that they learnt and adapted, the Geeta Govinda, as a part of their life. The Geeta Govinda came to be named as Ashtapadi in Kerala. The practice of singing Ashtapadi in the temple became a part and parcel of the temple culture and ritual as well. This practice, though started centuries ago, gained popularity even more during the following centuries. To such an extent, in the twenty- first century too, it is sung as a ritualistic song in the Krishna temples of Kerala.

Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda has a unique place in Indian literature. Critically too, it is acclaimed as a sensitive poem of exceptional beauty. It is highly commended high degree of sophistication by poets, scholars, musicians and dancers alike.

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The essence of Jayadeva's poems is madhura bhakti. Though the poem is devotional, expressing bhakti, it also portrays intense human passion. So it is a combination of both human love and divine love, rendering it enchantingly erotic and religiously sublime.

Though Ashtapadi was not born in Kerala, it was fostered so well that it became an indigenous part of the land. Another significant contribution was that, a seed was sown in the realm of classical music. For the first time, tala and raga were adapted.

Krishna was born to Devaki, but it was Yashoda who brought up Krishna.The wonderful relation that existed between Yashoda and Krishna has become legendary. Songs and dance in praise of Yashoda and her doting son Krishna are ever so popular throughout India. There is no childhood prank or tale of Krishna without the mention of Yashoda in it. Krishna is always addressed as Yashodanandan-the doting son of Yashoda. Such is the case of Geeta Govinda in Kerala. It was a like a bride who found her husband's new village, a heavenly abode, a place of everlasting peace never to look back again.

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JAYADEVA AND PADMAVATHY

Geeta Govinda-the gospel of Jayadeva
The soft soothing words unparalleled,
The sweet melodies so passionate,
And love so intense and poignant.

Padmavathy, Jayadeva's beloved wife
Danced with blissful abandon
So immersed in her dearest husband's
Lyrical music, of unrestrained joy.

Together, they wandered far and wide,
Sang and danced the fervent song of
Ashtapadi-the immortal love song of
Radha and Krishna- the eternal lovers.

Whether Radha and Krishna
Or Padmavathy and Jayadeva
So well matched, so attached!
Like two mountain streams, ardent and rapturous,
Meeting and flowing into the valley of profound love.
Could it be a reincarnation then?
That the souls merged and embraced,
With emotions and feelings so blissfully divine.

The folks of those bygone days and centuries,
Wondered at such depth and melody,
That they sang and sang, over and over again,
The Geeta Govinda!
That to this century, the folk shed tears of happiness,
Rejuvenated with their love so puOre.
Today, Geeta bathed in love and devotion for her Radhakrishna,
Reminisces the undying passion of the yore.

Geeta Radhakrishna

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"Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda"
A translation from Sanskrit

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Prologue

It is a dark cloudy night. The forest is full of trees, rounded in shape, with fresh green leaves. Krishna is scared. The chief of the cowherd commands Radha to take Krishna and leave him in his house. The tryst of Radha and Krishna, their marvellous encounters, a display of varied emotions, their moods, soft and tender, sometimes angry and jealous, or penitent and frustrated, even pinning and lamenting, and finally the joyous union, are all a part of this immortal poem.

Blessed with a heart so pure,
Gifted with eloquent speech and expression,
One who worships the feet and dance of his Empress-
His adorable wife, Padmavathy,
Is the unique poet Jayadeva,
Who composes and sings the song of love,
Of Vasudeva and his love plays.

Where there is the rich flavour of emotion,
Where there is undying passion in love,
Where there is tenderness and sweetness in words,
Where the mind is full of profuse fantasy,
Then, read and listen to the love lyrics of Jayadeva.

Be it a rare word or phrase as expressed by Poet Umapati,
Or an unusual passage or content by the learned Sharana,
The work of Doyi-the renowned poet,
Govardhana Acharya, the great teacher,
Or even, Shruti, the flawless technique of art of love.
Jayadeva alone, could comprehend and contemplate,
Such enigma and depth, in the language of love.

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Ashtapadi 1

Hayagreeva stole the Vedas and hid them in the Ocean,
The floods occurred,
The great Lord in the form of a giant fish,
Lifted the Vedas from the bottom of the Sea,
Above the turbulent waters,
And preserved them for the benefit of mankind.
As Meenasharira or the incarnation in the form of fish,
Oh Jagadeeshwara- the Lord of the world,
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

During the churning of the Milky Ocean,
The Lord lifted the Mandara Mountain,
In the form of a giant tortoise,
Protecting the whole world by bearing its weight,
On its strong, broad and sturdy back,
The scars of which are still visible.
As kacchaparupa or the incarnation in the form of a tortoise,
Oh Jagadeeshwara-the Lord of the world,
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

Hiranyaksha pushed the earth into the deepest hole of hell,
But the earth saved itself,
By holding on to the tip of the giant boar's tusk,
The earth appeared like a spot on the crescent moon.
As Sookararupa or the incarnation in the form of a boar,
Oh Jagadeeshwara - the Lord of the world,
Oh Keshava! We salute you!

The proud and conceited king Hiranyakashipu,
Disgusted with his son Prahalada,
For his extreme devotion and faith towards Lord Vishnu,
Decides to kill his own son for uttering the name of the Lord.
The moment the King raised his sword to slay Prahalada,
The lord appeared as man-lion and tore the King to pieces,

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The soft lotus hand with sharp nails and claws resembled a stinging bee.
As Narasimharupa or the incarnation in the form of a man-lion,
Oh Jagadeeshwara- the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

Mahabali-a generous king bestowed his subjects
With the best of things and made them happy and content.
The gods watching them became jealous,
Descended to the earth and took the garb of a dwarf,
Begging only for three steps of the earth,
With two steps the dwarf covered heaven and earth,
The third step he placed on Mahabali's head,
And pushed him down to the depths of the earth.
As Vamanarupa or the incarnation in the form of a dwarf,
Oh Jagadeeshwara- the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

To fight against evil forces
And relieve the people of their traumas and pain,
The Lord took the form of Parashurama.
This Brahmin annihilated the Kshatriya class
With his weapon- the axe.
As Bhrigupatirupa or the incarnation in the form of Parashurama,
Oh Jagadeeshwara - the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

The handsome Prince Rama,
Fought against the ten headed Ravana and killed him,
And then, hurled each of Ravana's ten heads, far and wide.
As Raghupatirupa or the incarnation in the form of Rama,
Oh Jagadeeshwara - the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

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Balarama, strong and broad shouldered,
Protected the cowherds along the Yamuna River.
Yamuna embraced and enveloped Balarama
With her water, dark blue, like the rain clouds,
Bestowing him with a magnanimous personality,
His weapon -the plough, becoming a symbol of great strength.
As Haladararupa or the incarnation in the form of Balarama,
Oh Jagadeeshwara- the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

Deeply compassionate and empathetic,
To one and all, be it a human or an animal,
Is the epitome of Ahimsa-The Buddha.
As Buddhasharira or the incarnation in the form of
The enlightened Buddha,
Oh Jagadeeshwara- the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava! We salute you!

The tenth incarnation is the fierce avenger - the Kalki,
To destroy, all evils and barbarism existing in this world.
As Kalkisharira or the incarnation in the form of kalki,
Oh Jagadeeshwara - the Lord of the world!
Oh Keshava ! We salute you!

This beautiful song of Jayadeva,
Is as sweet as the nectar for those who sing it.
The ten incarnations are the ten cosmic forms of Krishna.
May it shower blessings and happiness,
On all those who listen to it.

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Ashtapadi 2

The ten incarnations of the Lord are considered the ten forms or representations of Sri Krishna. These are versed in ten different verses in the first Ashtapadi. As a prelude to the second Ashtapadi, again, the ten incarnations are repeated but with just a word or a short phrase. This is sung in the form of a slokam. Slokam is a melody sung in a particular raga or tune but without any specific beats or talam. The following ten lines eulogises the entire Dasavatara or the ten incarnations in a nutshell.

Protecting the Vedas as a fish,
Carrying the earth as a tortoise,
Upholding the world as a boar,
Killing the demon as a man-lion named Narasimha,
Tricking King Bali as a dwarf named Vamana,
Annihilating the kshatriya class as a brahmin named Parashurama,
Defeating the ten headed Ravana as Sri Rama,
Using the plough to destroy the demons as Balarama,
Propagating compassion as the Buddha,
Destroying evil as Kalki- the Kaliyuga Avatara.
Oh Sri Krishna! I salute
And worship your ten illuminating forms.

One who rests on Lakshmi Devi's bosom,
One who wears earrings shaped like Makara fish,
One who adorns his neck with garlands of exotic forest flowers.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto you!

One who is bathed with Sun's brilliant rays,
One who uproots sorrows,
One who dwells in the heart of the Seers,
Like a pure white swan.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto you!

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One who razed the poisonous serpent Kaliya,
One who made his people happy with his deeds,
The darling of Yadava clan as charming as a lotus,
Which blooms with the first touch of the Sun's rays.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto you!

One who destroyed Asuras like Madhu, Mura and Naraka,
One whose vehicle is the bird Garuda,
One who made the Deva's jubilant with his triumphant deeds.
Deva Hare Krishna! Glory unto you!

One who has eyes as beautiful as the pearls of a lotus,
One who delivers his devotees from the bond of existence,
One who rules the three worlds.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto you!

As Rama, one who embellished his wife Seeta, Janaka's daughter,
One who demolished the evil Dookshana and others,
One who annihilated the ten headed Ravana.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto you!

One who is dark complexioned like the mysterious rain clouds,
One who lifted the Mandara Mountains,
One who possesses eyes like the bird Chakora
Starring into the moonlit face of Sri Bhagavathi.
Deva Hare Sri Krishna! Glory unto You!

This song of Jayadeva,
Auspicious and exhilarating,
Bestows happiness to all Krishna Bhaktas

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Ashtapadi 3

Radha endowed with soft jasmine like delicate body, wanders around in the forest like a creeper full of blooms. She searches for her beloved Krishna in all their familiar secret haunts. But in vain!
Meanwhile, Kamadeva or the Cupid torments Radha with his flowery arrows. Upset by the Separation from her beloved Krishna, Radha is confused with herself. Radha's Sakhi or friend watching her sang to her most soothingly:

Bees buzz around flowers that bloom on tender creepers,
The cool and scented mountain breeze wafts gently,
And the cuckoos coo their plaintive notes.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The growing intensity of Kamadeva's arrows
Becomes an ordeal quite unbearable;
A swarm of bees dance around fluorescent blooms.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The tender leaves fresh on trees
Inhale the exotic scent of the musk deer;
The tender sprouts resemble sharp nails
Like Cupid's darts to torment young hearts.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The King Cupid with his golden feet,
Shimmering like flaming orange flowers,
A bevy of bees adorn Cupid's vessel,
Like fresh morning blossoms.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

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The flowers that bloom profusely in spring,
Laugh at the youth, who having abandoned modesty,
Is hurt by spring's impudence.
Haven't sparkling flowers have spikes as well?
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The sweet scented jasmine in varieties galore,
Enchants the young aspirants,
Even the hermits betray their feelings,
Inhaling the heady aroma of the scented blooms.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The jasmine creepers embrace and cajole,
Produce buds like the golden mangoe blossoms,
Along these romantic trees of Vrindavana
Flows river Yamuna so silky and serene.
It is lovely springtime now!
Hari dances in joy with the maidens of Vrindavana.

The spectacular spring,
Together with the young passion so intense,
Creates an enchanting song,
Placed at Krishna's feet for abundant blessings.

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Ashtapadi 4

Krishna among a crowd of beautiful Gopis or cowherd maidens is happily rejoicing in their company. Enjoying their embraces and seductive approaches, Krishna is immersed in his love plays. The Sakhi spots Krishna at this juncture. She informs Radha about it and points a finger at the scene where all this is happening. Sakhi watches Krishna revelling amidst the charming Gopis while Radha reluctantly listens to her.

Blue bodied and sandal adorned,
Draped in yellow silk garment,
Wearing a garland of forest flowers,
Dangling earrings, glowing cheeks and a charming smile,
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

Endowed with a well proportioned body,
A gopi delights in an embrace with Krishna,
Forgetting all else she sings blissfully in five ragas.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

Another Gopika with eyes full of desires,
Stares incessantly at the lotus face of Krishna,
Enjoying the bliss of meditation,
She remains so, for a long, long time.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

A Gopika in the pretext of telling a secret,
Bends forward as if to whisper,
Kisses Krishna's bright cheeks,
And is absolutely delighted.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

Yet another Gopika obsessed with her love,
Pulls on to Krishna's garments,
To wean him away to a secret place,

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Along the banks of Yamuna,
To be are alone together.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

A Gopi enjoys the flute music,
Claps her hand rhythmically,
Jingling her bangles to the tune,
And begins to dance in ecstasy.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

Krishna embraces a Gopi, kisses another one,
Jokes with a third one and stares at yet another maiden.
Sakhi whispers these tales into Radha's ears,
Being a witness to this exciting scene.
Oh Krishna! You are amidst a bevy of charming Gopis.

This song composed by Jayadeva,
Describing the secret love plays of Krishna,
Is renowned and ravishing.
May it prosper and be praised.

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Ashtapadi 5

Watching Krishna immersed in love play with other Gopis, Radha is angry and jealous, and begins to tell her Sakhi-the friend, the woes of her heart.

Krishna with trembling lips,
Eyes mesmersing,
Voice sweeter than nectar itself,
Swaying the head in tune with music,
And with earrings dangling on his cheeks.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Krishna with sparkling peacock feathers,
Around his hair tied in a bun,
Attired in hues of rainbow,
Looks very sweet and charming.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Krishna kisses the beautiful Gopis
And a winsome smile so alluring.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Krishna embraces the Gopis with such gay abandon,
While his jewels lose their gleam,
Being entangled in a careless hug.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

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Krishna designed with sandalwood paste on the forehead,
Shines brighter than the white moon between dark clouds,
And Oh! The heavy bosomed Gopis,
Unashamedly take advantage of Him.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Attractive and charming Krishna,
With shining yellow robes,
Is worshipped by sages and suras,
Asuras and ordinary folks too.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Endowed with a handsome physique,
Standing under the shade of a kadamba tree
One who destroys the worst of evils,
Yet loves Rasakreeda incredibly.
Oh Sakhi! This teasing game of fun and frolic,
Of Krishna with other Gopis,
Remains an unforgettable mental impression.

Most handsome and most beautiful
Is Krishna!
This song of Jayadeva
Is like a boon for those who live
In Kaliyuga-the unpredictable Age.

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Ashtapadi 6

Lost in the world of haunting memories of love with Krishna,
Radha talks of her ardent wishes and dreams to her friend.

Radha reaching their secret abode of love,
Laden with exquisite flowering creepers,
Looks hither and thither-did anyone see her?
Radha reminisces:
Krishna immersed in Cupid's game of love,
Feverish, with the intensity of passion,
Heartily laughs.
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha reminisces:
At once shy at Krishna's presence,
Sweet soothing words of comfort,
As he begins to toy with my clothes.
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha reminisces:
Lying on the grass bed,
Krishna lays his head on my chest.
When I kiss him,
He surprises me with his tricks.
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha reminisces:
When my eyes close with sweat breaking out,
So fond of fun, Krishna touches my cheeks teasingly.
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

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Radha reminisces:
Cuckoo's gently cooing as the flowers scatter around
Kama's tantric ways adopted with nail-marks on my breasts
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha reminisces:
Krishna naughtily plays with my ankle bells,
And girdle-bells which break and scatter,
Pulling my hair and kissing my face,
One who has accomplished all love's intricate ways,
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha reminisces:
Even when I faint after love's hectic play,
Krishna wakes me and looks into my eyes,
Infusing vital energy so powerful,
To once again play interludes of love.
Radha says:
Go to him Sakhi! Bring my Krishna into this abode of love.

Radha's aspirations for union with Krishna
Reveals Krishna's secret plays of love
May this song of Jayadeva
Bring joy and fulfillment to one and all.

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Ashtapadi 7

Krishna afflicted by Kamadeva's arrows is upset and is in a state of painful separation from Radha. He looks for Radha, searches for her everywhere but of no avail. Tired and dejected, he enters a creeper-laden abode along the banks of Kalindhi River.

Krishna repentant says:
Radha watching me with the other Gopis
Has left me and gone!
Is Radha very angry with me?
Oh! How is that I could not stop her?
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she has left me!

Separated from me for so long
What will she do and say?
If I do not find her, alas!
What is the use of all the wealth in the world?
What is the need of any relatives either!
What for do I live then?
Why do I require a house?
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she left me!

I visualise Radha's face
Like a red lotus flower,
As if a bee hovering around her brows
Is her troubled countenance with twitched brows.
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she has left me!

Radha remains deeply embedded in my heart,
Then why is it that I am searching for her in the forest?
Why am I so desperate?
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she has left me!

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I do not know why you left me?
You are jealous and unhappy!
Do understand, I have done no wrong
I do not know how to console you.
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she has left me!

I imagine you before me,
But not in a way like it always has been.
The way you greet and embrace me,
Will no more be the same again.
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha
How sad that she has left me!

If you pardon me now,
I shall never again repeat,
My careless behaviour!
My beautiful one! If only you will come,
Before me, please!
Cupid is torturing me unbearably.
Good God! My wayward ways have angered Radha.
How sad that she has left me!

The fair moon rises out of the calm sea,
In the beautiful village of Bindubilva,
Where poet Jayadeva composes,
This song of repentant Krishna
Full of love for his darling Radha.

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Ashtapadi 8

Seated amidst a bushy bank, immersed in thoughts of his beloved Radha, Krishna awaits anxiously for her, tormented by Kama's arrows. Radha's Sakhi comes to him and speaks:

Delighted, neither by the flicker of moonbeams,
Nor by the fragrant sandalwood paste,
Fatigued,
Doubtful, even of the scented mountain breeze,
Perhaps, it is the venom of poisonous snakes!
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows,
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

Fearing the onslaught of Kama's merciless arrows,
Radha shields herself,
The soft petals of a lotus,
A comfortable, cool balm!
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows,
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

Radha reclining on a flower-decked Swing,
Surrounded by Cupid's chosen blooms,
Adept at myriad games of love,
Awaits your rapturous embraces.
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

Radha's lovely face smudged with tears
Is like the moon, hurt and cut by incision,
Like nectar flowing down incessantly.
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

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She paints your figure with Kasturi,
Resembling the handsome love God,
Seated on Kama's vehicle of sea -fish,
Aiming arrows of mango flowers,
She salutes you! Oh Krishna!
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

Oh Madhava! I am falling at your feet,
Do not turn your face away,
When you slight me, even, the coolest moon- nectar
Burns my body with heat.
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

I cry, thinking that I cannot see you,
I laugh, visualising you before me,
I grieve, that I am not able to feel you,
I am desperate, that I cannot make love to you,
I am most unhappy, that you are indifferent to me!
Radha is disappointed and disillusioned,
Targeted by Cupid's arrows
Embraces you in a state of illusion.

This pinning song of Jayadeva,
If one hopes to read, understand and absorb,
Then do by-heart, the words of Radha's Sakhi,
About her love-stricken friend Radha,
As told to the regretful Krishna.

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Ashtapadi 9

Radha's Sakhi addressing Krishna says:
"Oh Keshava ! By deserting Radha you have caused immense grief,
The house she dwells in appears like a forest.
Her own friends seem to imprison her,
And her heart burns like a forest fire.
She is now like a frightened dove,
Even Cupid seems to be very cruel,
Like a leopard leaping towards its prey.
Radha feels like running away but her friends surround her and prevent her from leaving the place."

The pearl necklace that hangs around Radha's breast
Has become a burden for her.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

The cool sandalwood paste applied on her body,
Instead of being a soothing balm,
Seems like poisonous venom.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

Radha breathes hot air and sighs heavily,
Burning with fire of passion.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

Like a lotus without its stem, Radha's eyes are tired
Shedding numerous drops of tears.
She looks hither and thither, hoping to get a glimpse of you.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

Her eyes like tender shoots,
Turn into red flames of doubts,
Wondering about your whereabouts.
Oh keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

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Radha cups her cheeks with both her hands,
So she remains for long like a beautiful crescent moon.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

Radha repeatedly chants "Hari! Hari!"
As if she is dying,
Feverishly praying that Krishna would remain her lover
For many more future births too.
Oh Keshava! Separated from you, Radhika is most unhappy.

May Jayadeva's passionate love song,
Placed at Krishna's sacred feet'
Give solace to all Krishna Bhaktas.

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Ashtapadi 10

The unhappy condition of the love-sick Radha, is reported to Krishna by the Sakhi.
Says Krishna to the Sakhi
"Speak sweet tender words to Radha and bring her near me"
Sakhi back with Radha again, speaks to her consolingly.

The mountain breeze impregnated
With sandalwood perfume;
And blooms in its fullest splendour,
Only precipitates your state of disconsolateness.
Krishna adorned with myriad wild blooms
Is cheerless at your gloomy state.

The moon- beams burn the body
To collapse or to die,
Kama's arrows cause intense grief
Resulting in absurd mutterings.
Krishna adorned with myriad wild blooms
Is cheerless at your gloomy state.

The buzzing bees making disturbing sounds,
Cause Krishna to close his ears,
Night after night,
The pain of suffering increases.
Krishna adorned with myriad blooms
Is cheerless at your gloomy state.

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Self banished from the comfort
Of his own home,
Krishna sleeps in the woods
On a bed of rough earth,
Calling out your name
Again and again, in sheer desperation.
Krishna adorned with myriad blooms
Is cheerless at your gloomy state.

When Jayadeva sings
Of Radha and Krishna,
Of their love, longing and lamentation,
The Bhaktas are bathed in Rasa
Perceiving God in their mind's eye.

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Ashtapadi 11

The Sakhi tells Radha about Krishna who waits anxiously for the arrival of his beloved Radha. Remembering their earlier rendezvous, when they were deeply in love, Krishna sits in the same spot, torn by cupid's merciless arrows, spending sleepless nights and muttering frivolous words. The Sakhi says, "Oh Radhe, Krishna is love sick and he madly desires your embrace."

Krishna dressed most attractively,
Having mastered the art of love,
Even better than Kama-the God of love,
Awaits you with intense passion.
Says Sakhi to Radha:
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectation."

Calling out your name repeatedly,
Playing the flute with magical notes,
Imagining pollen dust smeared on your body,
He touches with tender care as the wild wind blows.
Says Sakhi to Radha:
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectation."

The birds flapping their wings,
The leaves rustling in the wind
Doubting it to be your approaching steps,
Looks at the pathway most expectantly.
Says Sakhi to Radha:
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectation."

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Your tinkling anklets betrays your presence,
Remove them and hold it in your hands,
Lest your enemies watch you,
Disguise yourself in dark clothes,
And walk silently in the dense forest.
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectation."

While your gold necklace touches Krishna's dark body,
Like white cranes caressing on black clouds,
You shine like a lightening in his arms with bright pearl necklaces.
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectations."

Oh lotus-eyed Radhe, loosen your pretty garments
And prepare yourself for love's intense play,
Krishna is starved of your intoxicating passion.
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectations."

Krishna is proud. Do not test his patience.
The night is about to end.
Now, listen to me without further delay
Go and fulfill his desires!
"Go to the forest near Kalindhi River,
Where Krishna with his tender hands,
Spectacular with a garland of forest flowers,
Waits for you in eager expectations."

While Jayadeva sings this mellifluous strain,
The devotees are mercifully protected,
For the Lord is all pervading and eternally glorious.

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Ashtapadi 12

Radha's Sakhi describes Radha's depressed state to Krishna. Krishna listens rather wistfully, as if in a predicament, unable to do anything to rectify the situation. Meanwhile, Radha makes her exit into a thicket of Vineyard, imprisoned in her own abode.

Radha sees Krishna everywhere,
Tasting the honeyed lips,
Of another maiden.
Oh Hari ! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

Hoping to meet you she runs forward,
But stumbles and falls clumsily.
Oh Hari ! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

Radha skillfully makes bangles
Out of tender lotus shoots,
These she holds on to as a talisman of her love.
Oh Hari! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

She beautifies herself impressively,
Relishing the sweet memories of your love,
As though she is with you.
Oh Hari! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

"Cannot Krishna come to me without any delay?"
Radha asks her Sakhi repeatedly, again and again.
Oh Hari! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

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In the nights filled with darkness and bubbly clouds,
Radha has visions of her beloved Krishna,
Exclaiming "Oh! He has come to me!"
She embraces and kisses an imaginary figure.
Oh Hari! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

As a Vasakasajja nayika,
She decorates herself and the house too,
Awaiting you with tears in her eyes.
Oh Hari! Jagannatha!
Radha remains woefully imprisoned in her own abode.

May Jayadeva's this love song bring jubilance,
To those who are attracted to the emotion of
Sringara- the rasa of beauty and love.

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Ashtapadi 13

Twilight approached, as the moon rose but Madhava is still unseen. Radha restless, agitated and worried, begins to fret and fume. She says:

He never arrives at the promised time,
And now, the beauty of my youth fades away.
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to You"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

I have been roaming around in the forest
At great risk, seeking Madhava.
He has pierced my heart with Kama's painful arrows.
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

I prefer to die! My body has become useless waiting for him.
How can I bear this scorching fire of separation from Madhava?
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

Since Hari is not with me,
Even the bangles and anklets that I wear,
Encircles and pains me like a fearsome chain.
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

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Alas! This beautiful night in springtime,
Brings me much sorrow.
Some lucky maiden is enjoying his attention.
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

Though, I wear a garland of soft pretty flowers,
They prick, pierce and suffocate me.
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

Here, I wait for Madhava amidst thick forest,
And Oh! He never remembers me at all!
My Sakhi who said:
"Sit and wait here, I shall bring Madhava to you"
Has betrayed me! Oh! What shall I do?
So waits Radha in anguish.

Before the sublime feet of Krishna,
Jayadeva prays.
His lyrical words can be compared
To a maiden, who is gentle and graceful,
And deeply in love.

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Ashtapadi 14

Sakhi, speechless and embarrassed, unaccompanied by Madhava, returned alone. Radha is envious and imagines Madhava blissfully engaged in flirting with another maiden. Radha speaks to her Sakhi thus:

Ornamented with exquisite jewellery,
All set for a poignant game of love,
With wilted flowers tangled in the hair.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari.

Hari embraces the young Gopi,
Who wears a pearl necklace,
Which dangles playfully on her voluptuous breasts,
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari .

The moon face filled with curly locks
Is languorous with kisses.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari .

Her cheeks touch with lilting earrings
And her girdle bells chime with rhythmic movement.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari.

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She giggles softly at his amorous glances
And mutters excitedly with glee.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari.

With loves intense jollity,
She murmurs, trembles and sighs with half closed eyes.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari.

Having attained mastery
In love's intricate ways,
She lies on his chest
Full of sweat and sweet weariness.
The young sensuous beauty,
More attractive than me
Rejoices with Hari.

Through this poetry of Jayadeva,
Of love and mirth unparalleled,
May Hari be pleased,
And in turn, put an end
To the troubled and turbulent times.

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Ashtapadi 15

Radha looking at the moon tells her Sakhi: "The desolate moon like Murari's lotus face fades in love's affliction. The moon calms my disturbed mind, but the heartening Kamadeva continues to tug at my heartstrings.

Radha's quivering lips longs for Krishna's kiss,
She draws an attractive musk- deer on the moon-
A fantasy figure!
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

The young hearts tremble,
When the Gopi's soft face masked by a cloud of thick hair,
Is ruffled by the disguised Kamadeva.
To the silky tresses of this Gopi
Krishna pins a bunch of shimmering.
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

To the rounded breasts of a maiden
Krishna applies scented musk,
Makes star- shaped designs with pearls,
Crescent moon marks with nails,
And hangs a shinning necklace too.
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

More beautiful than the lotus stems,
More softer than the tender lotus petals,
More cooler than the morning dew,
Are the hands of a cowherd-maiden.

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Krishna slides emerald green bangles.
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

A Gopi has rounded hips,
Like the golden throne of Kamadeva,
Rati dwells.
Krishna ties a girdle of jewelled pendant
Round the seductive hips.
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

Krishna lifts the Gopi's feet and places on his chest
Like gracefully lifting a tender shoot.
With the juice of red flower essence,
He paints her feet and toes.
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

Krishna, an epitome of love,
Brother of the handsome Balarama-the plough wielder.
Tell me Sakhi! What is the use of my waiting for him?
One who is so immersed with other Gopis!
Along the banks of cool Yamuna river,
Hidden behind the green woods,
Murari wins his Gopis with his ardent love.

Jayadeva-the King among poets,
Places his glamorous love song at Hari's feet.
To be protected from the calamities of the Kaliyuga,.
He seeks the divine benevolence.

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Ashtapadi 16

In this song of Jayadeva, Radha is portrayed as a victim of many emotions. On one hand, she is extremely sad, angry and jealous because Hari is not with her. On the other hand, she is smitten by the fiery and intoxicating arrows of the Cupid. This makes Radha yearn for Krishna more and more. Radha talks to her Sakhi or friend in a sarcastic fashion imagining her beloved Krishna engrossed in amorous plays with the other maidens of Vrindavana.

"Oh Sakhi! Why the hell are you unhappy?
Does it matter if that unsympathetic dumb- fool does not come?
If he sports with other women, it is not your fault!
Is it? So why be anxious?
My heart cries for him and I feel a volcano breaking out within me. Maybe I am dying!
By the virtue of my excessive love for him, I hope, he will naturally be drawn back to me."

Krishna's roving eyes like blue -lotus,
Appraise her lying on a bed of sprouts,
Yet she remains unhurt and unaffected.
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland
Of wild flowers around his neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

Krishna's beautiful face and
The fully blossomed lotus-like mouth,
Kisses her on the flower decked couch,
Yet the maiden remains unmindful of Kama's sharp arrows.
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland,
Of wild flowers around his neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

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Krishna's nectar sweet words will soothe
The strongly blowing mountain winds
And Kama's scorching heat in the maiden.
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland
Of wild flowers around the neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

Krishna's feet are like the exquisite blue lotus,
Even the coldest moon beams, will not make her shiver.
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland
Of wild flowers around the neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

Krishna's dark handsome physique
When united with her,
Will be a soothing balm to her heavy heart
Oh Sakhi! Krishna with a garland
Of wild flowers round his neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

When she engages in romantic interludes
With Krishna attired in golden coloured robe,
What does it matter even if other people make fun of her?
She remains immune to them!
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland
Of wild flowers around the neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

He is superior to all the young men of this world.
The maiden who has the luck to enjoy,
The buoyant game of love,
Will remain unscathed by pain and sorrows.
Oh Sakhi! Hari with a garland
Of wild flowers around the neck,
Bewitches the Gopis with his rapturous love.

Through Jayadeva's this song of love,
May Krishna enter and dwell,
In the hearts of all his devotees.

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Ashtapadi 17

Torn by the piercing arrows of Kamadeva, Radha spent a restless night filled with apprehension. Krishna arrives in the morning and bows down to her. He begins to speak in sweet seductive words. But Radha remains unruffled. The resentment towards other Gopis who flirted with Krishna, still burns strongly in her heart. Knowing fully well that he has come after spending his time with these other women, she admonishes Krishna for his misdeeds. Pointing out to the tell tale marks on his face and body, Radha reprimands:

Your eyes, reveals it all!
They are still red, tired and drowsy.
It is evident that you spent the night with that other woman!
Oh Madhava ! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

Your red lips have turned black
Having kissed her eyes lined with black kohl.
Your body expresses love's subtle moods.
Oh Madhava ! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

Marked with signs of nail marks,
Your body, like blue Sapphires,
Has designs of gold etched on them.
Oh Madhava! Keshava! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

The beautiful feet enriched with red paint
Imprints your chest,
With proof of your game of love,
Profusely sprouting from the tree of desire.
Oh Madhava! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

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The teeth marks on your delectable lips,
Makes my heart wince with pain.
Why do I still long for a union with you?
Oh Madhava! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

How can you deceive me this way?
Your pitiless heart must be darker than your black skin.
Especially when I am excessively in love with you!
Oh Madhava! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

Your sojourn in the forest is but a ruse,
You excel in enticing vulnerable maidens.
But why am I shocked? Are'nt you the one who killed Putana?
Oh Madhava! Keshava ! Go away!
Do not tell lies. Go to her, the one who gratifies you most!

Jayadeva sings this song of Radha,
Who is envious and possessive,
But adores her Keshava
With an overwhelming love and passion.
Even the Heavens cannot provide such love,
Brimming with a flavour of the nectar,
Sweeter than the sweetest.

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Ashtapadi 18

Afflicted by Kama's arrows, desperate and driven by intense passion, Radha sits immersed in Hari's thoughts. Here, she is a Kalahantarita Nayika, in a quarrelsome mood, full of woes and complaints too. The Sakhi speaks to her.

When the soft breeze of the spring blows,
Hari will come!
Then what in the world is happier than that?
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

The fully blossomed breasts
Are juicier than the date-palm fruits,
Do not waste their essence frivolously!
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

Do not refrain from advances of charming Krishna!
How many times am I to repeat this to you?
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

Why do you cry so shamelessly?
All your friends are laughing at you!
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

Look at Madhava seated on a cool bed of lotuses!
Satisfy your thirsting eyes with this entrancing sight.
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

Why do you burden your heart with so much of remorse?
Lovers should not be separated from each other!

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With this in mind, I am advising you. Listen to me, please!
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well

Let Madhava come near you and talk to you.
Why do you make your heart so miserable?
Please don't be vain, Sakhi!
Madhava could choose to be indifferent as well.

May this lyrical composition of Jayadeva,
Bring peace and tranquility,
To those immersed in Madhu and his deeds.

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Ashtapadi 19

Radhika's anger subsides, as the Sakhi pacifies her most soothingly. Yet sighing deeply, very often, she stares at her Sakhi's face, in a shy and subdued manner.
At dusk, Krishna reaches Radha's side and pours forth his pent-up desires in a joyous outburst of words.

The darkness and fear in my mind is dispelled,
With the gleam of your shinning teeth when you speak,
My eyes stare at you like the Chakora bird,
Longing for the touch of your sensuous lips!
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

Kama's fiery arrows cause burning desires in me,
It does not matter if you are still angry with me,
But do embrace me and hold me tight!
No matter, if you cause bruises on my body with your nails,
Or hurt me with your sharp teeth.
Do whatever that pleases you!
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

You are my jewel, my life,
You are the diamond of my very existence,
Remain with me forever, please!
My heart begs you for this honour.
"Priye Charusheele! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

Even though your eyes are swollen with fatigue and anger,
They look beautiful like the blue lotus.
But now, they are like the red hibiscus flower,
Livid with anger!
I am ripe with Kama's insinuations of love.
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

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The pearl necklace decorating you full formed breasts,
Melts your heart with its coolness
The hip girdle chiming rhythmically
Can be considered as an order given by Kamadeva
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

Tell me, Radhika!
Can I apply red shoe flower essence on your feet,
Which are more beautiful than the blue- lotus itself?
This will fill my heart with immense mirth!
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

Place your feet,
Which can destroy Kama's toxic arrows,
On my head, as a rich crown!
In me, burns the fire of love like the scorching sun!
Do quench my thirst of passionate love.
"Priye Charusheele ! Adorable and noble!
Leave thy unreasonable anger behind."

This fervent love song of intoxicating words
As spoken by Krishna to Radhika,
Sung by Jayadeva, Padmavati's beloved husband
Whose love for his darling wife,
Remained so profound and perfect.

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Ashtapadi 20

After cajoling and convincing the doe-eyed Radha with tantalizing words, dressed eloquently, Krishna enters the creeper-laden woods. At dusk, the twilight made its appearance. Radha too, looked wonderful, yet stands in a state of uncertainty and mixed Feelings. A friend comes to her and tells:

Oh Radha, Krishna has mesmerised you
With his clever words,
Entreated you kneeling at your feet,
And now waits for you in the creeper -laden woods.
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

Endowed with beautiful breasts and hips,
Ornamented with jewellery so fine,
The sweet sounds of ankle bells ringing,
You glide like a swan.
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

Beautiful woman Radha!
In the nature's exotic backdrop,
Hear the sound of buzzing bees
And the melodious cuckoos.
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

The pretty bunch of flowers,
Fluttering in the soft breeze,
Is a signal and incentive for you.
Do not delay any further. Go to Krishna!
Oh Mugdhe- the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

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The long chain of necklaces that adorn your breasts,
Are like arrows of Kama gushing like a waterfall,
Desirous of closely holding Krishna.
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

All your friends are aware,
That you are fully equipped for Kamaleela.
Then why this anger Chandi ?
As if, going for a war with trumpets blowing,
Is the sound of your girdle bells,
And with a fierce expression too!
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

Your nails like Kamadeva's arrows,
Hold and entwine the fingers of your friend,
Why not go to Krishna in a joyful mood?
The clinging sound of your bangles
Will warn Krishna of your arrival.
Oh Mugdhe-the enchanting one!
Do listen to Krishna and obey his tender commands.

More lustrous than the pearl necklace,
And more beautiful than Radha's Sakhis,
Is the creation of this Jayadeva geetam.
May this song be more soothing to the throat,
And more exultant than an embrace.

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Ashtapadi 21

Krishna waits impatiently at the door of the creeper laden abode, for his beloved Radha. Krishna is wearing a beautiful pearl necklace, an intricate hip girdle and clinging bangles. Radha stands shyly behind the flowery creepers watching Krishna. The friend, coaxingly, talks to the blushing Radha.

Your countenance radiant with a smile,
Amidst this magnificent thicket of greenery
Is filled with ardent passion.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

Revel in the bed of freshly plucked Asoka flowers,
With the swaying string of pearls,
Touching the cool breasts.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

Your face and body immersed in love's flames,
Amidst the gorgeous greenery,
The drunken bee drones,
Content with sweet honey.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

You are tender and beautiful as a flower,
Compared to these creepers and climbers.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

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The sweet scented breeze of the mountains,
Echoes along with your melodious strains.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

Your teeth are like the white crystals,
More lustrous than this dense forest,
Where the Cuckoos Coo charmingly.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

Your rounded hips voluptuously placed,
Are seated too long in the flower filled woods.
Oh Radii! Do enter!
The ecstatic world of passionate love,
With your beloved Krishna!

Jayadeva, the King among poets,
With the queen of his heart- Padmavathy,
Experienced a life of immense delight.
Together, they sang and danced,
The countless virtues of Krishna-
The destroyer of the evil Mura.

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Ashtapadi 22

The jingling sound of Radha's anklets, were sweet musical notes to Krishna as she entered his abode. Radha's eyes were fixed on Krishna with mixed emotions as she walked in gracefully.

Stupefied at the sudden appearance of Radha,
All emotions gushed forth,
Like moon beams playing on the waves of the sea,
One whose love is for his Radha only,
And one who has waited long for this moment,
Is the handsome Hari.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

Wearing a long necklace of shining white pearls,
Like the stunning foams of river Yamuna,
Is the attractive Hari.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

The dark, soft, beautiful body clothed with golden silk robe,
Like the blue lotus stem,
Sprinkled with yellow pollen dust,
Is the handsome Hari.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

When the seductive glances met,
The emotions rose,
Like a pair of wagtails in a lotus pond.
Hari Krishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

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On the lotus-like beautiful face,
Dangle pretty earrings,like the Sun's brilliant ray.
The handsome Hari
With seductive lips smiles marvellously.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

White flowers adorn the dark hair,
Knotted in style,
Like the white moon,
Appearing amidst dark clouds.
With sandalwood tilakam bright on the forehead,
Is the attractive Hari.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

Full of passion,
The body hair straightens up like bristles.
Fully ornamented with glittering diamonds and pearls,
Is the handsome Hari.
Harikrishna's face mirrored
The many splendoured emotions of love,
As Radii, looked into his countenance.

Poet Jayadeva's poetry
Is like a jewel adorned by Harikrishna.
A Bhakta constantly immersed in prayer,
Is forever aided and guided.

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Ashtapadi 23

When Radha's friends left her alone with Krishna, she smiled shyly, looking down at her soft bed made of tender leaves and flower beds. While Radha sat thus, fixing her gaze modestly on the grass bed, Krishna spoke to her gently and lovingly.

Rest your footprints on these tender shoots,
Oh Radhe, Your beautiful lotus-like feet
Can ruffle the leafy bed at random.
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

You have come walking
Through long distances,
I shall caress your tender feet
With my hands, beautiful Radhe
Keep your jeweled ankle feet
On my bed and relax.
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

Your moon -like face filled with
The elixir of happiness,
Spills words of delight.
Come and embrace me, Oh Radhe!
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

You expect to be loved and caressed, I know!
Quench your desire, Radhe, with an embrace,
Your full formed breasts touching my bare chest!
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

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Allow me to touch your sweet nectar lips,
Separated from you, I have been like a starved slave.
Oh beautiful Radhe,
Revive the vital force of my body and mind
With your tender touch.
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

Oh my moon-faced darling,
Adjust your diamond -studded girdle,
With the tinkling sound,
Matching your sweet voice.
For me, even the cuckoo's song has lost its melody.
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

Your turbulent eyes belie the tears shed
And the anger directed at me.
Now, your eyes speak of intoxicating passion.
Look up at me, Radhe!
And end the long awaited union.
I am your Narayana now!
Bestow me your selfless and eternal love.

Each word, each line, of Jayadeva's lyrics,
Express Krishna's undying love for his Radha.
May it bring " Sat-Cit-Ananda "- the highest truth, knowledge and bliss
To all those rasikas who enjoy this beautiful love song.

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Ashtapadi 24

Radha is a Swadhinapatika Nayika here. One who is in full control of her lover. Brimming with passionate feelings for her beloved Krishna, she boldly asks Krishna, to be ornamented and decked by him, with flowers, scents and jewellery.

Oh Yadunandana, apply sandalwood balm on my breasts,
With your hands, which are cooler than the balm itself.
Draw a design with deer musk on this elegant vessel of love.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting-up the playful heart.

Dear love, brighten my eyes with black kohl,
My eyes! which are darker than the black bees.
Do kiss away the dark patches on the eyelids,
Caused by the fiery attack of Kamadeva.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting -up the playful heart.

Oh! Doe-eyed Krishna, your piercing glances are so attractive.
Look at my ears and pierce them with earrings rounded in shape,
Which can lure and encircle us in a web of love.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting-up the playful heart.

My dark hair, like a beehive,
Lie smothered around my lotus -like delicate face.
Remove and smoothen this hair away,
You can, then, look at me without any distractions.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting-up the playful heart.

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With sweet scented musk deer paste
Apply a tilak on my forehead,
The sweat drops on my brows have dried up,
Now, smoothen my brows with your deft fingers,
Oh Kamalanana, my lotus-eyed Krishna!
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting-up the playful heart.

Oh Krishna, you protect the chastity of womanhood,
By making a fan out of peacock plumes,
More beautiful than the Cupids tempting feathers.
Decorate my dishevelled hair with flowers
Which lie scattered due to the intensity of love play.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting-up the playful heart.

Oh my wonderful lover!
Chain my hips with diamond studded girdles,
Rearrange and cover my body with beautiful clothes and jewellery.
So said Radha, to her darling of the Yadava clan,
A profusion of joy lighting -up the playful heart.

With a heart full of love and empathy,
Listen to Jayadeva's exquisite poems.
Remembering Hari's feet with reverence,
In this Age of Kaliyuga,
Is a shelter against the ravages of Time.

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Epilogue

Unperceived even in the Vedic chants,
Unsolved even by the cleverest of Gods like, The Brahma,
Is the composition of Jayadeva, full of literature, music, and rhythm.
May it sparkle like a light in the minds of wise men.

May this song of Jayadeva,
The son of Bhoja Deva and Radha Devi,
Be sung by best of his friends like Parashar.

Poet Jayadeva praises his own composition of "Geeta Govinda."

Oh! Sweet Honey! Do not think you are the sweetest,
Oh! Sugar! You are just ordinary sugary pebbles,
Oh! Grapes! No one will bother to look at you!
Oh! Milk! You have degraded yourself to the level of water!
Oh! Golden Mangoes! Even if you cry, you cannot equal the lover's lips.
None of you can, ever, compare with the sweetness of my lyrical love strains.

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श्रीजयदेवकविविरचितम्
गीतगोविन्दम्

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श्रीजयदेवकविविरचितम्
गीतगोविन्दम्

मेघै र्मेदुरमम्बरं वनभुवः श्यामास्तमालद्रुमैर्
नक्तं भीरुरयं त्वमेव तदिमं राधे गृहं प्रापय ।
इत्थं नन्दनिदेशतश्चलितयोः प्रत्यध्वकुञ्जद्रुमं
राधामाधवयोर्जयन्ति यमुनाकूले रहःकेलयः ॥१॥

वाग्देवताचरितचित्रितचित्तसद्मा
पद्मावतीचरणचारणचक्रवर्ती ।
श्रीवासुदेवरतिकेलिकथासमेतम्
एतं करोति जयदेवकविः प्रबन्धम्॥२॥

वाचः पल्लवयत्युमापतिधरः सन्दर्भशुद्धिं गिरां
जानीते जयदेव एव शरणः श्लाघ्यो दुरूहद्रुते ।
शृङ्गरोत्तरसत्प्रमेयरचनैराचार्यगोवर्धन
स्पर्धी कोऽपि न विश्रुतः श्रुतिधरो धोयी कविक्ष्मापतिः ॥३॥

यदि हरिस्मरणे सरसं मनो यदि विकासकलासु कुतूहलम् ।
मधुरकोमलकान्तपदावली शृणु तदा जयदेवसरस्वतीम् ॥४॥

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अष्टपदि १

प्रलयपयोधिजले धृतवानसि वेदम् ।
विहितवहित्रचरित्रमखेदम् ॥
केशव धृतमीनशरीर जय जगदीश हरे ॥१॥

क्षितिरतिविपुलतरे तव तिष्ठति पृष्ठे ।
धरणिधरणकिणचक्रगरिष्ठे ॥
केशव धृतकच्छपरूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥२॥

वसति दसनशिखरे धरणी तव लग्ना ।
शशिनि कलङ्ककलेव निमग्ना ॥
केशव धृतशूकररूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥३॥

तव करकमलवरे नखमद्भुतशृङ्गम् ।
दलितहिरण्यकशिपुतनुभृङ्गम् ॥
केशव धृतनरहरिरूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥४॥

छलयसि विक्रमणे बलिमद्भुतवामन ।
पदनखनीरजनितजनपावन ॥
केशव धृतवामनरूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥५॥

क्षत्रियरुधिरमये जगदपगतपापम् ।
स्नपयसि पयसि शमितभवतापम् ॥
केशव धृतभृगुपतिरूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥६॥

वितरसि दिक्षु रणे दिक्पतिकमनीयम् ।
दशमुखमौ लिबलि रमणीयम् ॥
केशव धृतरामशरीर जय जगदीश हरे ॥७॥

वहसि वपुषि विशदे वसन जलदाभम् ।
हलहतिभीतिमिलितयमुनाभम् ॥
केशव धृतहलधररूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥८॥

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निन्दसि यज्ञविधेरहह श्रुतिजातम् ।
सदयहृदयदर्शितपशुघातम् ॥
केशव धृतबुद्धशरीर जय जगदीश हरे ॥९॥

म्लेच्छनिवहनिधने कलयसि करवालम् ।
धूमकेतुमिव किमपि करालम् ॥
केशव धृतकल्किशरीर जय जगदीश हरे ॥१०॥

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदमुदितमुदारम् ।
शृणु सुखदं शुभदं भवसारम् ॥
केशव धृतदशविधरूप जय जगदीश हरे ॥११॥

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वेदानुद्धरते जगन्निवहते भूगोलमुद्बिभ्रते
दैत्यं दारयते बलिं छलयते क्षत्रक्षयं कुर्वते ।
पौलस्त्यं जयते हलं कलयते कारुण्यमातन्वते
म्लेच्छान्मूर्च्छयते दशाकृतिकृते कृष्णाय तुभ्यं नमः ॥

अष्टपदि २

श्रितकमलाकुचमण्डल धृतकुण्डल ।
कलितललितवनमाल जय जयदेव हरे ॥१॥

दिनमणिमण्डलमण्डन भवखण्डन ।
मुनिजनमानसहंस जय जयदेव हरे ॥२॥

कालियविषधरभञ्जन जनरञ्जन ।
यदुकुलनलिनदिनेश जय जयदेव हरे ॥३॥

मधुमुरनरकविनाशन गरुडासन ।
सुरकुलकेलिनिदान जय जयदेव हरे ॥४॥

अमलकमलदललोचन भवमोचन ।
त्रिभुवनभवननिधान जय जयदेव हरे ॥५॥

जनकसुताकृतभूषण जितदूषण ।
समरशमितदशकण्ठ जय जयदेव हरे ॥६॥

अभिनवजलधरसुन्दर धृतमन्दर ।
श्रीमुखचन्द्रचकोर जय जयदेव हरे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदं कुरुते मुदम् ।
मङ्गलमुज्ज्वलगीतं जय जयदेव हरे ॥८॥

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वसन्ते वासन्तीकुसुमसुकुमारैरवयवैर्
भ्रमन्तीं कान्तारे बहुविहितकृष्णानुसरणाम् ।
अमन्दं कन्दर्पज्वरजनितचिन्ताकुलतया
वलद्बाधां राधां सरसमिदमूचे सहचरी ॥

अष्टपदि ३

ललितलवङ्गलतापरिशीलनकोमलमलयसमीरे ।
मधुकरनिकरकरम्बितकोकिलकूजितकुञ्जकुटीरे ॥
विहरति हरिरिह सरसवसन्ते
नृत्यति युवतिजनेन समं सखि विरहिजनस्य दुरन्ते ॥१॥

उन्मदमदनमनोरथपथिकवधूजनजनितविलापे ।
अलिकुलसंकुलकुसुमसमूहनिराकुलवकुलकलापे ॥ विहरति ॥२॥

मृगमदसौरभरभसवशंवदनवदलमालतमाले ।
युवजनहृदयविदारणमनसिजनखरुचिकिंशुकजाले ॥ विहरति ॥३॥

मदनमहीपतिकनकदण्डरुचिकेशरकुसुमविकासे ।
मिलितशिलीमुखपाटलिपटलकृतस्मरतूणविलासे ॥ विहरति ॥४॥

विगलितलज्जितजगदवलोकनतरुणकरुणकृतहासे ।
विरहिनिकृन्तनकुन्तमुखाकृतिकेतकदन्तुरिताशे ॥ विहरति ॥५॥

माधविकापरिमलललिते नवमालिकजातिसुगन्धौ ।
मुनिमनसामपि मोहनकारिणि तरुणाकारणबन्धौ ॥ विहरति ॥६॥

स्फुरदतिमुक्तलतापरिरम्भणमुकुलितपुलकितचूते ।
वृन्दावनविपिने परिसरपरिगतयमुनाजलपूते ॥ विहरति ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमुदयति हरिचरणस्मृतिसारम् ।
सरसवसन्तसमयवनवर्णनमनुगतमदनविकारम ॥ विहरति ॥८॥

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अनेकनारीपरिरम्भसम्भ्रम
स्फुरन्मनोहारिविलासलालसम् ।
मुरारिमारादुपदर्शयन्त्यसौ
सखी समक्षं पुनराह राधिकाम् ॥

अष्टपदि ४

चन्दनचर्चितनीलकलेवरपीतवसनवनमाली ।
केलिचलन्मणिकुण्डलमण्डितगण्डयुगस्मितशाली ॥
हरिरिह मुग्धवधूनिकरे विलासिनि विलसति केलिपरे ॥१॥

पीनपयोधरभारभरेण हरिं परिरभ्य सरागम् ।
गोपवधूरनुगायति काचिदुदञ्चितपञ्चमरागम् ॥ हरिरिह ॥२॥

कापि विलासविलोलविलोचनखेलनजनितमनोजम् ।
ध्यायति मुग्धवधूरधिकं मधुसूदनवदनसरोजम् ॥ हरिरिह ॥३॥

कापि कपोलतले मिलिता लपितुं किमपि श्रुतिमूले ।
चारु चुचुम्ब नितम्बवती दयितं पुलकैरनुकूले ॥ हरिरिह ॥४॥

केलिकलाकुतुकेन च काचिदमुं यमुनाजलकूले ।
मञ्जुलवञ्जुलकुञ्जगतं विचकर्ष करेण दुकूले ॥ हरिरिह ॥५॥

करतलतालतरलवलयावलिकलितकलस्वनवंशे ।
रासरसे सहनृत्यपरा हरिणा युवतिः प्रशशंसे ॥ हरिरिह ॥६॥

श्लिष्यति कामपि चुम्बति कामपि कामपि रमयति रामाम् ।
पश्यति सस्मितचारुपरामपरामनुगच्छति वामाम् ॥ हरिरिह ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमद्भुतकेशवकेलिरहस्यम् ।
वृन्दावनविपिने ललितं वितनोतु शुभानि यशस्यम् ॥ हरिरिह ॥८॥

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विहरति वने राधा साधारणप्रणये हरौ
विगलितनिजोत्कर्षादीर्ष्यावशेन गतान्यतः ।
क्वचिदपि लताकुंजे गुञ्जमधुव्रतमण्डली
मुखरशिखरे लीना दीनाप्युवाच रहः सखीम् ॥

अष्टपदि ५

संचरदधरसुधामधुरध्वनिमुखरितमोहनवंशम् ।
चलितदृगञ्चलचञ्चलमौलिकपोलविलोलवतंसम् ॥
रासे हरिमिह विहितविलासं स्मरति मनो मम कृतपरिहासम् ॥१॥

चन्द्रकचारुमयूरशिखण्डकमण्डलवलयितकेशम् ।
प्रचुरपुरन्दरधनुरनुरञ्जितमेदुरमुदिरसुवेशम् ॥ रासे ॥२॥

गोपकदम्बनितम्बवतीमुखचुम्बनलम्भितलोभम् ।
बन्धुजीवमधुराधरपल्लवकलिधरस्मितशोभम् ॥ रासे ॥३॥

विपुलपुलकभुजपल्लववलयितवल्लवयुवतिसहस्रम् ।
करचरणोरसि मणिगणभूषणकिरणविभिन्नतमिस्रम् ॥ रासे ॥४॥

जलदपटलवलदिन्दुविनिन्दकचन्दनतिलकललाटम् ।
पीनपयोधरपरिसरमर्दननिर्दयहृदयकपाटम् ॥ रासे ॥५॥

मणिमयमकरमनोहरकुण्डलमण्डितगण्डमुदारम् ।
पीतवसनमनुगतमुनिमनुजसुरासुरवरपरिवारम् ॥ रासे ॥६॥

विकथकदम्बतले मिलितं कलिकलुषभयं शमयन्तम् ।
मामपि किमपि तरङ्गदनङ्गदृशा मनसा रमयन्तम् ॥ रासे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवबणितमतिसुन्दरमोहनमधुरिपुरुपम् ।
हरिचरणस्मरणं प्रति संप्रति पुण्यवतामनुरुपम् ॥ रासे ॥८॥

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गणयति गुणग्रामं भामं भ्रमादपि नेहते
वहति च परितोषं दोषं विमोञ्चति दूरतः ।
युवतिषु वलस्तृष्णे कृष्णे विहारिणि मां विना
पुनरपि मनो वामं कामं करोति करोमि किम् ॥

अष्टपदि ६

निभृतनिकुञ्जगृहं गतया निशि रहसि निलीय वसन्तम् ।
चकितविलोकितसकलदिशा रतिरभसरसेन हसन्तम् ॥
सखि हे केशिमथनमुदारं
रमय मया सह मदनमनोरथभावितया सविकारम् ॥१॥

प्रथमसमागमलज्जितया पटुचाटुशतैरनुकूलम् ।
मृदुमधुरस्मितभषितया शिथिलीकृतजघनदुकूलम् ॥ सखि ॥२॥

किसलयशयननिभशितया चिरमुरसि ममैव शयानम् ।
कृतपरिरम्भणचुम्बनया परिरभ्य कृताधरपानम् ॥ सखि ॥३॥

अलसनिमीलितलोचनया पुलकावलिललितकपोलम् ।
श्रमजलसकलकलेवरया वरमदनमदादतिलोलम् ॥ सखि ॥४॥

कोकिलकलरवकूजितया जितमनसिजतन्त्रविचारम् ।
श्लथकुसुमाकुलकुन्तलया नखलिखितघनस्तनभारम् ॥ सखि ॥५॥

चरणरणितमणिनूपुरया परिपूरितसुरतवितानम् ।
मुखरविश्रङ्खलमेखलया सकचग्रहचुम्बनदानम् ॥ सखि ॥६॥

रतिसुखसमयरसालसया दरमुकुलितनयनसरोजम् ।
निःसहनिपतिततनुलतया मधुसूदनमुदितमनोजम् ॥ सखि ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमतिशयमधुरिपुनिधुवनशीलम् ।
सुखमुत्कण्ठितगोपवधूकथितं वितनोतु सलीलम् ॥ सखि ॥८॥

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इतस्ततस्तामनुसृत्य राधिकामनङ्गबाणव्रणखिन्नमानसः ।
कृतानुतापः स कलिन्दनन्दिनीतटान्तकुञ्जे निषसाद माधवः ॥

अष्टपदि ७

मामियं चलिता विलोक्य वृतं वधूनिचयेन ।
सापराधतया मयापि न वारितातिभयेन ॥
हरिहरि हतादरतया गता सा कुपितेव ॥१॥

किं करिष्यति किं वदिष्यति सा चिरं विरहेण ।
किं धनेन जनेन किं मम जीवितेन गृहेण ॥ हरिहरि ॥२॥

चिन्तयामि तदाननं कुटिलभ्रु कोपभरेण ।
शोणपद्ममिवोपरि भ्रमताकुलं भ्रमरेण ॥ हरिहरि ॥३॥

तामहं हृदि संगतामनिशं भृशं रमयामि ।
किं वनेऽनुसरामि तामिह किं वृथा विलपामि ॥ हरिहरि ॥४॥

तन्वि खिन्नमसूयया हृदयं तवाकलयामि ।
तन्न वेद्मि कुतो गतासि न तेन तेऽनुनयामि ॥ हरिहरि ॥५॥

दृश्यसे पुरतो गतागतमेव मे विदधासि ।
किं पुरेव ससंभ्रमं परिरम्भणं न ददासि ॥ हरिहरि ॥६॥

क्षम्यतामपरं कदापि तवेदृशं न करोमि ।
देहि सुन्दरि दर्शनं मम मन्मथेन दुनोमि ॥ हरिहरि ॥७॥

वर्णितं जयदेवकेन हरेरिदं प्रवणेन ।
किन्दुबिल्वसमुद्रसम्भवरोहिणीरमणेन ॥ हरिहरि ॥८॥

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यमुनातीरवानीरनिकुञ्जे मन्दमास्थितम् ।
प्राह प्रेमभरोद्भ्रान्तं माधवं राधिकासखी ॥

अष्टपदि ८

निन्दति चन्दनमिन्दुकिरणमनु विन्दति खेदमधीरम् ।
व्यालनिलयमिलनेन गरलमिव कलयति मलयसमीरम् ॥
माधव मनसिजविशिखभयादिव भावनया त्वयि लीना
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥१॥

अविरलनिपतितमदनशरादिव भवदवनाय विशालम् ।
स्वहृदयमर्मणि वर्म करोति सजलनलिनीदलजालम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥२॥

कुसुमविशिखरतल्पमनल्पविलासकलाकमनीयम् ।
व्रतमिव तव परिरम्भसुखाय करोति कुसुमशयनीयम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥३॥

वहति च गलितविलोचनजलभारमाननकमलमुदारम् ।
विधुमिव विकटविधुन्तुददन्तदलनगलितामृतधारम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥४॥

विलिखति रहसि कुरङ्गमदेन भवन्तमसमशरभूतम् ।
प्रणमति मकरमधो विनिधाय करे च शरं नवचूतम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥५॥

प्रतिपदमिदमपि निगदति माधव तव चरणे पतिताहम् ।
त्वयि विमुखे मयि सपदि सुधानिधिरपि तनुते तनुदाहम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥६॥

ध्यानलयेन पुरः परिकल्प्य भवन्तमतीव दुरापम् ।
विलपति हसति विषीदति रोदिति चञ्चति मुञ्चति तापम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमधिकं यदि मनसा नटनीयम् ।
हरिविरहाकुलवल्लवयुवतिसखीवचनं पठनीयम् ॥ सा विरहे ॥८॥

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आवासो विपिनायते प्रियसखीमालापि जालायते
तापोऽपि श्वसितेन दावदहनज्वालाकलापायते ।
सापि त्वद्विरहेण हन्त हरिणीरुपायते हा कथं
कन्दर्पोऽपि यमायते विरचयञ्शार्दूलविक्रीडितम् ॥

अष्टपदि ९

स्तनविनिहितमपि हारमुदारम् ।
सा मनुते कृशतनुरतिभारम् ॥
राधिका तव विरहे केशव ॥१॥

सरसमसृणमपि मलयजपङ्कम् ।
पश्यति विषमिव वपुषि सशङ्कम् ॥ राधिका ॥२॥

श्वसितपवनमनुपमपरिणाहम् ।
मदनदहनमिव वहति सदाहम् ॥ राधिका ॥३॥

दिशि दिशि किरति सजलकणजालम् ।
नयननलिनमिव विगलितनालम् ॥ राधिका ॥४॥

नयनविषयमपि किसलयतल्पम् ।
कलयति विहितहुताशविकल्पम् ॥ राधिका ॥५॥

त्यजति न पाणितलेन कपोलम् ।
बालशशिनमिव सायमलोलम् ॥ राधिका ॥६॥

हरिरिति हरिरिति जपति सकामम् ।
विरहविहितमरणेव निकामम् ॥ राधिका ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवबणितमिति गीतम् ।
सुखयतु केशवपदमुपनीतम् ॥ राधिका ॥८॥

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अहमिह निवसामि याहि राधाम्
अनुनय मद्वचनेन चानयेथाः ।
इति मधुरिपुणा सखी नियुक्ता
स्वयमिदमेत्य पुनर्जगाद राधाम् ॥

अष्टपदि १०

वहति मलयसमीरे मदनमुपनिधाय ।
स्फुटति कुसुमनिकरे विरहिहृदयदलनाय ॥
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि सीदति राधे ॥१॥

दहति शिशिरमयूखे मरणमनुकरोति ।
पतति मदनविशिखे विलपति विकलतरोऽति ॥ तव विरहे ॥२॥

ध्वनति मधुपसमूहे श्रवणमपिदधाति
मनसि वलितविरहे निशि निशि रुजमुपयाति ॥ तव विरहे ॥३॥

वसति विपिनविताने त्यजति ललितधाम ।
लुठति धरणिशयने बहु विलपति तव नाम ॥ तव विरहे ॥४॥

भणति कविजयदेवे विरहिविलसितेन
मनसि रभसविभवे हरिरुदयतु सुकृतेन ॥ तव विरहे ॥५॥

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पूर्वं यत्र समं त्वया रतिपतेरासादिताः सिद्धयस्
तस्मिन्नेव निकुञ्जमन्मथमहातीर्थे पुनर्माधवः ।
ध्यायंस्त्वामनिशं जपन्नपि तवैवालापमन्त्रावलीं
भूयस्त्वत्कुचकुम्भनिर्भरपरीरम्भामृतं वाञ्छति ॥

अष्टपदि ११

रतिसुखसारे गतमभिसारे मदनमनोहरवेशम् ।
न कुरु नितम्बिनि गमनविलम्बनमनुसर तं हृदयेशम् ॥
धीरसमीरे यमुनातीरे वसति वने वनमाली ॥१॥

नामसमेतं कृतसंकेतं वादयते मृदुवेणुम् ।
बहु मनुते ननु ते तनुसंगतपवनचलितमपि रेणुम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥२॥

पतति पतत्रे विचलति पत्रे शङ्कितभवदुपयानम् ।
रचयति शयनं सचकितनयनं पश्यति तव पन्थानम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥३॥

मुखरमधीरं त्यज मञ्जीरं रिपुमिव केलिसुलोलम् ।
चल सखि कुञ्जं सतिमिरपुञ्जं शीलय नीलनीचोलम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥४॥

उरसि मुरारेरुपहितहारे घन इव तरलबलाके ।
तडिदिव पीते रतिविपरीते राजसि सुकृतविपाके ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥५॥

विगलितवसनं परिहृतरसनं घटय जघनमपिधानम् ।
किसलयशयने पङ्कजनयने निधिमिव हर्षनिदानम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥६॥

हरिरभिमानी रजनिरिदानीमियमपि याति विरामम् ।
कुरु मम वचनं सत्वररचनं पूरय मधुरिपुकामम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवे कृतहरिसेवे भणति परमरमणीयम् ।
प्रमुदितहृदयं हरिमतिसदयं नमत सुकृतकमनीयम् ॥ धीरसमीरे ॥८॥

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अथ तां गन्तुमशक्तां चिरमनुरक्तां लतागृहे दृष्टा ।
तच्चरित गोविन्दे मनसिजमन्दे सखी प्राह ॥

अष्टपदि १२

पश्यति दिशि दिशि रहसि भवन्तम् ।
तदधरमधुरमधूनि पिबन्तम् ॥
नाथ हरे सीदति राधा वासगृहे ॥१॥

त्वदभिसरणरभसेन वलन्ती ।
पतति पदानि कियन्ति चलन्ती ॥ नाथ हरे ॥२॥

विहितविशदबिसकिसलयवलया ।
जीवति परमिह तव रतिकलया ॥ नाथ हरे ॥३॥

मुहुरवलोकितमण्डनलीला ।
मधुरिपुरहमिति भावनशीला ॥ नाथ हरे ॥४॥

त्वरितमुपैति न कथमभिसारम् ।
हरिरिति वदति सखीमनुवारम् ॥ नाथ हरे ॥५॥

श्लिष्यति चुम्बति जलधरकल्पम् ।
हरिरुपगत इति तिमिरमनल्पम् ॥ नाथ हरे ॥६॥

भवति विलम्बिनि विगलितलज्जा ।
विलपति रोदिति वासकसज्जा ॥ नाथ हरे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदमुदितम् ।
रसिकजनं तनुतामतिमुदितम् ॥ नाथ हरे ॥८॥

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प्रसरति शशधरविम्बे विहितविलम्बे च माधवे विधुरा ।
विरचितविविधविलापं सा परितापं चकारोच्चैः ॥

अष्टपदि १३

कथितसमयेऽपि हरिरहह न ययौ वनम् ।
मम विफलमिदममलरूपमपि यौवनम् ॥
यामि हे कमिह शरणं सखीजनवचनवञ्चिता ॥१॥

यदनुगमनाय निशि गहनमपि शीलितम् ।
तेन मम हृदयमिदमसमशरकीलितम् ॥ यामि हे ॥२॥

मम मरणमेव वरमतिवितथकेतना ।
किमिह विषहामि विरहानलमचेतना ॥ यामि हे ॥३॥

अहह कलयामि वलयादिमणिभूषणम् ।
हरिविरहदहनवहनेन बहुदूषणम् ॥ यामि हे ॥४॥

मामहह विधुरयति मधुरमधुयामिनी ।
कापि हरिमनुभवति कृतसुकृतकामिनी ॥ यामि हे ॥५॥

कुसुमसुकुमारतनुमतनुशरलीलया ।
स्रगपि हृदि हन्ति मामतिविषमशीलया ॥ यामि हे ॥६॥

अहमिह निवसामि नगणितवनवेतसा ।
स्मरति मधुसूदनो मामपि न चेतसा ॥ यामि हे ॥७॥

हरिचरणशरणजयदेवकविभारती ।
वसतु हृदि युवतिरिव कोमलकलावती ॥ यामि हे ॥८॥

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अथागतां माधवमन्तरेण सखीमियं वीक्ष्य विषादमूकाम् ।
विशङ्कमाना रमितं कयापि जनार्दनं दृष्टवदेतदाह ॥

अष्टपदि १४

स्मरसमरोचितविरचितवेशा ।
गलितकुसुमदरविलुलितकेशा ॥
कापि मधुरिपुणा विलसति युवतिरधिकगुणा ॥१॥

हरिपरिरम्भणवलितविकारा ।
कुचकलशोपरि तरलितहारा ॥ कापि ॥२॥

विचलदलककलितानचन्द्रा ।
तदधरपानरभसकृततन्द्रा ॥ कापि ॥३॥

चञ्चलकुण्डलदलितकपोला ।
मुखरितरसनजघनगतिलोला ॥ कापि ॥४॥

दयितविलोकितलज्जितहसिता ।
बहुविधकूजितरतिरसरसिता ॥ कापि ॥५॥

विपुलपुलकपृथुवेपथुभङ्गा ।
श्वसितनिमीलितविकसदनङ्गा ॥ कापि ॥६॥

श्रमजलकणभरसुभगशरीरा ।
परिपतितोरसि रतिरणधीरा ॥ कापि ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेववणितहरिरमितम् ।
कलिकलुषं जनयतु परिशमितम् ॥ कापि ॥८॥

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विरहपाण्डुमुरारिमुखाम्बुजद्युतिरियं तिरयन्नपि चेतनाम् ।
विधुरतीव तनोति मनोभुवः सुहृदये हृदये मदनव्यथाम् ॥

अष्टपदि १५

समुदितमदने रमणीवदने चुम्बनवलिताधरे ।
मृगमदतिलकं लिखति सपुलकं मृगमिव रजनीकरे ॥
रमते यमुनापुलिनवने विजयी मुरारिरधुना ॥१॥

घनचयरुचिरे रचयति चिकुरे तरलिततरुणानने ।
कुरबककुसुमं चपलासुषमं रतिपतिमृगकानने ॥ रमते ॥२॥

घटयति सुघने कुचयुगगगने मृगमदरुचिरूषिते ।
मणिसरममलं तारकपटलं नखपदशशिभूषिते ॥ रमते ॥३॥

जितबिसशकले मृदुभुजयुगले करतलनलिनीदले ।
मरकतवलयं मधुकरनिचयं वितरति हिमशीतले ॥ रमते ॥४॥

रतिगृहजघने विपुलापघने मनसिजकनकासने ।
मणिमयरसनं तोरणहसनं विकिरति कृतवासने ॥ रमते ॥५॥

चरणकिसलये कमलानिलये नखमणिगणपूजिते ।
बहिरपवरणं यावकभरणं जनयति हृदि योजिते ॥ रमते ॥६॥

रमयति सुदृशं कामपि सुभृशं खलहलधरसोदरे ।
किमफलमवसं चिरमिह विरसं वद सखि विटपोदरे ॥ रमते ॥७॥

इह रसभणने कृतहरिगुणने मधुरिपुपदसेवके ।
कलियुगचरितं न वसतु दुरितं कविनृपजयदेवके ॥ रमते

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नायातः सखि निर्दयो यदि शठस्त्वं दूति किं दूयसे
स्वच्छन्दं बहुवल्लभः स रमते किं तत्र ते दूषणम् ।
पश्याद्य प्रियसंगमाय दयितस्याकृष्यमाणं गुणैर्
उत्कण्ठार्तिभरादिव स्फुटदिदं चेतः स्वयं यास्यति ॥

अष्टपदि १६

अनिलतरलकुवलयनयनेन ।
तपति न सा किसलयशनेन ॥
सखि या रमिता वनमालिना ॥१॥

विकसितसरसिजललितमुखेन ।
स्फुटति न सा मनसिजविशिखेन ॥ सखि या ॥२॥

अमृतमधुरमृदुतरवचनेन ।
ज्वलति न सा मलयजपवनेन ॥ सखि या ॥३॥

स्थलजलरुहरुचिकरचरणेन ।
लुठति न सा हिमकरकिरणेन ॥ सखि या ॥४॥

सजलजलदसमुदयरुचिरेण ।
दलित न सा हृदि चिरविरहेण ॥ सखि या ॥५॥

कनकनिकषरुचिशुचिवसनेन ।
श्वसिति न सा परिजनहसनेन ॥ सखि या ॥६॥

सकलभुवनजनवरतरुणेन ।
वहति न सा रुजमतिकरुणेन ॥ सखि या ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितवचनेन
प्रविशतु हरिरपि हृदयमनेन ॥ सखि या ॥८॥

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अथ कथमपि यामिनीं विनीय स्मरशरजर्जरितापि सा प्रभाते ।
अनुनयवचनं वदन्तमग्रे प्रणतमपि प्रियमाह साभ्यसूयम् ॥

अष्टपदि १७

रजनिजनितगुरुजागररागकषायितमलसनिवेशम् ।
वहति नयनमनुरागमिव स्फुटमुदितरसाभिनिवेशम् ॥
हरिहरि याहि माधव याहि केशव मा वद कैतववादं
तामनुसर सरसीरुहलोचन या तव हरति विषादम् ॥१॥

कज्जलमलिनविलोचनचुम्बनविरचितनीलिमरूपम् ।
दशनवसनमरुणं तव कृष्ण तनोति तनोरनुरुपम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥२॥

वपुरनुहरति तव स्मरसङ्गरखरनखरक्षतरेखम् ।
मरकतशकलकलितकलधौतलिपेरिव रतिजयलेखम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥३॥

चरणकमलगलदलक्तकसिक्तमिदं तव हृदयमुदारम् ।
दर्शयतीव बहिर्मदनद्रुमनवकिसलयपरिवारम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥४॥

दशनपदं भवदधरगतं मम जनयति चेतसि खेदम् ।
कथयति कथमधुनापि मया सह तव वपुरेतदभेदम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥५॥

बहिरिव मलिनतरं तव कृष्ण मनोऽपि भविष्यति नूनम् ।
कथमथ वञ्चयसे जनमनुगतमसमशरज्वरदूनम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥६॥

भ्रमति भवानबलाकवलाय वनेषु किमत्र विचित्रम् ।
प्रथयति पूतनिकैव वधूवधनिर्दयबालचरित्रम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितरतिवञ्चितखण्डितयुवतिविलापम् ।
श्रृणुत सुधामधुरं विबुधा विबुधालयतोऽपि दुरापम् ॥ हरिहरि ॥८॥

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तामथ मन्मथखिन्नां रतिरसभिन्नां विषादसम्पन्नाम् ।
अनुचिन्तितहरिचरितां कलहान्तरितामुवाच रहः सखी ॥

अष्टपदि १८

हरिरभिसरति वहति मधुपवने ।
किमपरमधिकसुखं सखि भुवने ॥
माधवे मा कुरु मानिनि मानमये ॥१॥

तालफलादपि गुरुमतिसरसम् ।
किं विफलीकुरुषे कुचकलशम् ॥ माधवे ॥२॥

कति न कथितमिदमनुपदमचिरम् ।
मा परिहर हरिमतिशयरुचिरम् ॥ माधवे ॥३॥

किमिति विषीदसि रोदिषि विकला ।
विहसति युवतिसभा तव सकला ॥ माधवे ॥४॥

मृदुनलिनीदलशीतलशयने ।
हरिमवलोकय सफलय नयने ॥ माधवे ॥५॥

जनयसि मनसि किमिति गुरुखेदम् ।
शृणु मम वचनमनीहितभेदम् ॥ माधवे ॥६॥

हरिरुपयातु वदतु बहुमधुरम् ।
किमिति करोषि हृदयमतिविधुरम् ॥ माधवे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमतिललितम्
सुखयतु रसिकजनं हरिचरितम् ॥ माधवे ॥८॥

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अत्रान्तरे मसृणरोषवशामसीम
निःश्वासनिःसहमुखीं सुमुखीमुपेत्य ।
सव्रीडमीक्षितसखीवदनां दिनान्ते
सानन्दगद्गदपदं हरिरित्युवाच ॥

अष्टपदि १९

वदसि यदि किंचिदपि दन्तरुचिकौमुदी हरति दरतिमिरमतिघोरम् ।
स्फुरदधरसीधवे तव वदनचन्द्रमा रोचयतु लोचनचकोरम् ॥
प्रिये चारुशीले मुञ्च मयि मानमनिदानं
सपदि मदनानलो दहति मम मानसं देहि मुखकमलमधुपानम् ॥१॥

सत्यमेवासि यदि सुदति मयि कोपिनी देहि खरनखरशरघातम् ।
घटय भुजबन्धनं जनय रदखण्डनं येन वा भवति सुखजातम् ॥ प्रिये ॥२॥

त्वमसि मम भूषणं त्वमसि मम जीवनं त्वमसि मम भवजलधिरत्नम् ।
भवतु भवतीह मयि सततमनुरोधिनी तत्र मम हृदयमतियत्नम् ॥ प्रिये ॥३॥

नीलनलिनाभमपि तन्वि तव लोचनं धारयति कोकनदरूपम् ।
कुसुमशरबाणभावेन यदि रञ्जयसि कृष्णमिदमेतदनुरूपम् ॥ प्रिये ॥४॥

स्फुरतु कुचकुम्भयोरुपरि मणिमञ्जरी रञ्जयतु तव हृदयदेशम् ।
रसतु रशनापि तव घनजघनमण्डले घोषयतु मन्मथनिदेशम् ॥ प्रिये ॥५॥

स्थलकमलगञ्जनं हृदयरञ्जनं जनितरतिरङ्गपरभागम् ।
भण मसृणवाणि करवाणि पदपङ्कजं सरसलदलक्तकरागम् ॥ प्रिये ॥६॥

स्मरगरलखण्डनं मम शिरसि मण्डनं देहि पदपल्लवमुदारम् ।
ज्वलति मयि दारुणो मदनकदनारुणो हरतु तदुपाहितविकारम् ॥ प्रिये ॥७॥

इति चटुलचाटुपटुचारु मुरवैरिणो राधिकामधि वचनजातम् ।
जयति पद्मावतीरमणजयदेवकविभारतीभणितमतिशातम् ॥ प्रिये ॥८॥

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सुचिरमनुनयेन प्रीणयित्वा मृगाक्षीं
गतवति कृतवेशे केशवे केलिशयाम् ।
रचितरुचिरवेषां दृष्टिमोषे प्रदोषे
स्फुरति निरवसादां कापि राधां जगाद ॥

अष्टपदि २०

विरचितचाटुवचनरचनं चरणे रचितप्रणिपादम् ।
संप्रति मञ्जुलवञ्जुलसीमनि केलिशयनमुपयातम् ॥
मुग्धे मधुमथनमनुगतमनुसर राधिके ॥१॥

घनजघनस्तनभारभरे दरमन्थरचरणविहारम् ।
मुखरितमणिमञ्जीरमुपैहि विधेहि मरालविकारम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥२॥

शृणु रमणीयतरं तरुणीजनमोहनमधुपविरावम् ।
कुसुमशरासनशासनवन्दिनि पिकनिकरे भज भावम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥३॥

अनिलतरलकिसलयनिकरेण करेण लतानिकुरम्बम् ।
प्रेरणमिव करभोरु करोति गतिं प्रतिमुञ्च विलम्बम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥४॥

स्फुरितमनङ्गतरङ्गवशादिव सूचितहरिपरिरम्भम् ।
पृच्छ मनोहरहारविमलजलधारममुं कुचकुम्भम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥५॥

अधिगतमखिलसखीभिरिदं तव वपुरपि रतिरणसज्जम् ।
चण्डि रणितरशनारवडिण्डिममभिसर सरसमलज्जम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥६॥

स्मरशरसुभगनखेन सखीमवलम्ब्य करेण सलीलम् ।
चल वलयक्वणितैरवबोधय हरिमपि निजगतिशीलम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमधरीकृतहारमुदासितवामम् ।
हरिविनिहितमनसामधितिष्ठतु कण्ठतटीमविरामम् ॥ मुग्धे ॥८॥

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हारावलीतरलकाञ्चनकाञ्चिदाम
मञ्जिरकङ्कणमणिद्युतिदीपितस्य ।
द्वारे निकुञ्जनिलयस्यहरिं निरीक्ष्य
व्रीलावदीमथ सखीमियमित्युवाच ॥

अष्टपदि २१

मञ्जुतरकुञ्जतलकेलिसदने ।
इह विलस रतिरभसहसितवदने ॥
प्रविश राधे माधवसमीपं ॥१॥

नवभवदशोकदलशयनसारे ।
इह विलस कुचकचशतरलहारे ॥ प्रविश ॥२॥

मधुमुदितमधुपकुलकलितरावे ।
इह विलस मदनरससरसभावे ॥ प्रविश ॥३॥

कुसुमचयरचितशुचिवासगेहे ।
इह विलस कुसुमसुकुमारदेहे ॥ प्रविश ॥४॥

चलमलयमृदुपवनसुरभिशीते ।
इह विलस रसवलितललितगीते ॥ प्रविश ॥ ५॥

मधुरतरपिकनिकरनिनदमुखरे ।
इह विलस दशनरुचिरुचिरशिखरे ॥ प्रविश ॥६॥

विततबहुवल्लिनवपल्लवघने ।
इह विलस चिरमलसपीनजघने ॥ प्रविश ॥७॥

विहितपद्मावतीसुखसमाजे ।
भणति जयदेवकविराजे
कुरु मुरारे मङ्गलशतानि ॥ प्रविश ॥८॥

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सा ससाध्वसमानन्दं गोविन्दे लोललोचने ।
शिञ्जानमञ्जुमञ्जीरं प्रविवेश निवेशनम् ॥

अष्टपदि २२

राधावदनविलोकनविकसितविविधविकारविभङ्गम् ।
जलनिधिमिव विधुमण्डलदर्शनतरलिततुङ्गतरङ्गम् ॥
हरिमेकरसं चिरमभिलषितविलासं
सा ददर्श गुरुहर्षवशंवदहृदयमनङ्गनिवासं ॥१॥

हारममलतरमुरसि दधतं परिलम्भ्य विदूरम् ।
स्फुटतरफेनकदम्बकरम्बितमिव यमुनाजलपूरम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥२॥

श्यामलमृदुलकलेवरमण्डलपरिहितगौरदुकूलम् ।
नीलनलिनमिव पीतपरागपटलभरपरिगतमूलम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥३॥

तरलदृगञ्चलचलनमनोहरवदनजनितरतिरागम् ।
स्फुटकमलोदरखेलितखञ्जनयुगमिव शरदि तडागम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥४॥

वदनकमलपरिशीलनमिलितमिहिरसमकुण्डलशोभम् ।
स्मितरुचिरुचिरसमुज्जलिताधरपल्लवकृतरतिलोभम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥५॥

शशिकिरणच्छुरितोदरजलधरसुन्दरसकुसुमकेशम् ।
तिमिरोदितविधुमण्डलनिर्मलमलयजतिलकनिवेशम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥६॥

विपुलपुलकभरदन्तुरितं रतिकेलिकलाभिरधीरम् ।
मणिगणकिरणसमूहसमुज्ज्वलभूषणसुभगशरीरम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितविभवद्विगुणीकृतभूषणभारम् ।
प्रणमत सुचिरं विनिधाय हरिं हृदि सुकृतोदयसारम् ॥ हरिमेकरसं ॥८॥

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गतवति सखीवृन्देऽमन्दत्रपाभरनिर्भर
स्मरपरवशाकूतस्फीतस्मितस्नपिताधराम् ।
सरससमनसं दृष्ट्वा राधा मुहुर्नवपल्लव
प्रसवशयने निक्षिप्ताक्षीमुवाच हरिः प्रियाम् ॥

अष्टपदि २३

किसलयशनतले कुरु कामिनि चरणनलिनविनिवेशम् ।
तव पदपल्लववैरिपराभवमिदमनुभवतु सुवेशम ॥
क्षणमधुना नारायणम् अनुगत मनुभज राधे ॥१॥

करकमलेन करोमि चरणमहमागमितासि विदूरम् ।
क्षणमुपकुरु शयनोपरि मामिव नूपुरमनुगतिशूरम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥२॥

वदनसुधानिधिगलितममृतमिव रचय वचनमनुकूलम् ।
विरहमिवापनयामि पयोधररोधकमुरसिदुकूलम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥३॥

प्रियपरिरम्भणरभसवलितमिव पुलकितमतिदुरवापम् ।
मदुरसि कुचकलशं विनिवेशय नाशय मनसिजतापम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥४॥

अधरसुधारसमुपनय भामिनि जीवय मृतमिवदासम् ।
त्वयि विनिहितमनसं विरहानलदग्धवपुषमविलासम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥५॥

शशिमुखि मुखरयमणिरशनागुणमनुगुणकण्ठनिनादम् ।
श्रुतिपुडयुगले पिकरुतविकले शमय चिरादवसादम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥६॥

मामतिविफलरुषा विकलीकृतमवलोकितुमधुनेदम् ।
मीलतीलज्जितमिव नयनं तव विरम विसृजरतिखेदम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमनुपदनिगदितमधुरिपुमोदम् ।
जनयतु रसिकजनेषु मनोरमरतिरसभाववविनोदम् ॥ क्षणमधुना ॥८॥

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अथ कान्तं रतिश्रातं अभिमण्डन वाञ्छया ।
जगाद माधवं राधा ।
मुग्धा स्वाधीनभर्तृका ॥

अष्टपदि २४

कुरु यदुनन्दन चन्दनशिशिरतरेण करेण पयोधरे ।
मृगमदपत्रकमत्र मनोभवमङ्गलकलशसहोदरे ॥
निजगाद सा यदुनन्दने क्रीडति हृदयानन्दने ॥१॥

अलिकुलगञ्जनमञ्जनकं रतिनायकसायकमोचने ।
त्वदधरचुम्बनलम्बितकज्जलमुज्ज्वलय प्रिय लोचने ॥ निजगाद सा ॥२॥

नयनकुरङ्गतरङ्गविलासनिरासकरे श्रुतिमण्डले ।
मनसिजपाशनिकाशतया सुभगे विनिवेशय कुण्डले ॥ निजगाद सा ॥३॥

भ्रमरचयं रचयन्तमुपरि रुचिरं सुचिरं मम संमुखे ।
जितकमले विमले परिकर्मय नर्मजनकमलक मुखे ॥ निजगाद सा ॥४॥

मृगमदरसवलितं ललितं कुरु तिलकमलिकरजनीकरे ।
विहितकलङ्ककलं कमलानन विश्रमितश्रमशीकरे ॥ निजगाद सा ॥५॥

खन रुचिरे चिकुरे कुरु मानद मानसजध्वजचामरे ।
रतिगलिते ललिते कुसुमानि शिखण्डिशिखण्डकडामरे ॥ निजगाद सा ॥६॥

सरसघने जघने मम शम्बरदारणवारणकन्दरे ।
मणिरशनावसनाभरणानि शुभाशय वासय सुन्दरे ॥ निजगाद सा ॥७॥

श्रीजयदेववचसि हृदयं सदयं कुरु सज्जन मण्डने ।
हरिचरणस्मरणामृतनिर्मितकलिकलुषज्वरखण्डने ॥ निजगाद सा ॥८॥

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यन्नित्यैर् वचनैर् विरिंजगिरिजा
प्राणेशमुखैर् मुहुर् नानाकार विचारसार चतुरैर् ।
नादयापि निश्चियते तत्सर्वैर जयदेव काव्यघटितैः
तत्सूरि संशोधितैराध्यम वस्तूचकास्तू चेतसि परम ।
सारस्य सिमाजूशाम् ॥ १ ॥

श्रीभोजदेवप्रभवस्य राधा
देवीसुतश्रीजयदेवकस्य ।
पराशरादिप्रियवर्गकण्ठे
श्रीगीतगोविन्दकवित्वमस्तु ॥ २ ॥

स्वाधी माध्वीक चिन्तान भवति भवतः शर्करे शर्करासि
द्राष्ये द्रक्ष्यति केत्वाममृतमृतमसि क्षीर नीरत्वमेषी ।
माकन्दः कदः कान्ताधर धरणितालं गच्छयच्छति यावद्
भावं श्रृगारसारस्यतमिह जयदेवस्य विष्वोग्वचांसि ॥३॥

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Geeta Radhakrishna-the author and translator

Dance and Music, and the desire to spread their message around the world- these are the driving forces behind Geeta Radhakrishna- an exponent of Mohiniattam. She has been performing for over two and half decades. She is well known for adding a different kind of touch to the "Dance of the enchantress", that of Bhakti, thereby, raising Mohiniattam to a height of "satvikam" or divine serenity. In keeping with her preoccupation with Bhakti, she has now set her sights on one of the lesser-known traditions of Kerala- Sopana Sangeetam. Despite the fact that the style is known little outside the small state of Kerala, Sopanam has reached out by being the music style typical in Kathakali. Interestingly, Jayadeva's Ashtapadi, immensely popular in Orissa and West Bengal has been adapted into the Kerala tradition through Sopanam, to the extent that it is often believed that the two are synonymous.

Deeply convinced that the flow of body movements in dance can reach a higher value or ideal with a harmonious blend of the spiritual state, Geeta unfolded her creative urge and artistic expressions through her various **choreographies like :**

1. Narayaneeyam
2. Swamiye Saranam Ayyappa
3. Magdalana Mariam
4. Karuna
5. Nritya Swara Manjari
6. Krishna Leela
7. Swathi Thirunal Kritis
8. Irayimman Thampi Kritis
9. Om Shivaya Namaha
10. Prakriti Nrityam
11. Geeta Govinda

Dance Performances :

In different parts of India, Sri Lanka, United Kingdom, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, erstwhile U.S.S.R and U.S.A.

Books written :

Mohiniattam Adavus
Mohiniattam- the dance of the enchantress
Sopanam-Kerala's divine music with Jayadeva's Geeta Govinda-the love song

Therapy :
Geeta Radhakrishna is a healer. She heals through Reiki, Music & Dance.

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